

# Bitter Sweet <sup>75¢</sup>

September, 1978 *The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region* Vol. 1 No. 10



**Maine's Lost Talent: Stanley Foss Bartlett**  
**The Makings Of A Country Fair**  
**Fear And Fighting On The Oxford Central Railway**  
**(conclusion)**

Dear Peter,

9-78

You know the other mornin' it was rather chilly, so maw fired up the livingroom stove. It was going good, when all of a sudden there was a tremendous BLAST. Blew me right out of my rocker. Blew that stove to bits. Tore an enormous hole in the wall. Large enough to drive my team of horses through. Raised the roof 'bout three feet, an' dropped it right back on the studs, perfectly, but left an awful hole in the ceiling. Maw she looked awful. The other day I finally found out that maw used my dynamite which she thought was rolled up paper for starting the stoves. I'll say this much, it gets things hot in a hurry.

Bert.

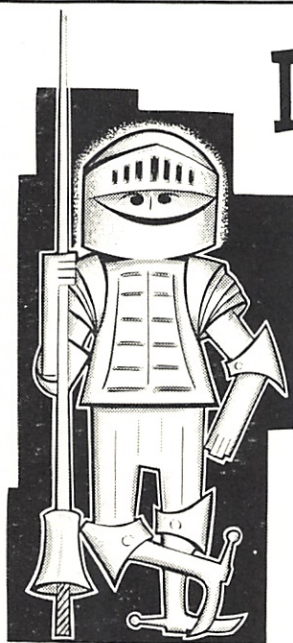


16 Skillings Ave. - South Paris - 743-8977  
410 Center Street - Auburn - 783-1366

Dear Bert,

We have plenty of woodstoves in stock, woodbox heaters, WONDER WOOD stoves, ATLANTIC HOMESTEAD stoves, PARLOR stoves, SCANDIA stoves and many more. stove pipe and metalbestos pipe. we have steel and aluminum roofing, asphalt shingles to replace the damaged roof. With the BLACK and DECKER power tools and the STANLEY hand tools you bought last month, you should be able to have your house back together before winter.

Peter.



## IRON CLAD...

### INSURANCE COVERAGE FOR YOUR PROTECTION

- LIFE
- HOME
- AUTO
- GROUP

**robert l. milton**  
INSURANCE AGENCY

Lower Main Street, Norway - 743-6554 / 871 Court Street, Auburn - 783-1221

# Are You Interested in Earning More for Your Dollars?



**Send in this Coupon**  
and someone will contact you  
from **Oxford Bank and Trust**

**Yes** I'm interested in learning  
more about earning higher  
interest on my money

- ☐ Please send me more  
information
- ☐ Please have someone  
contact me

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Telephone .....

**New  
Savings  
Plans  
are  
available  
offering  
higher  
interest  
rates.**

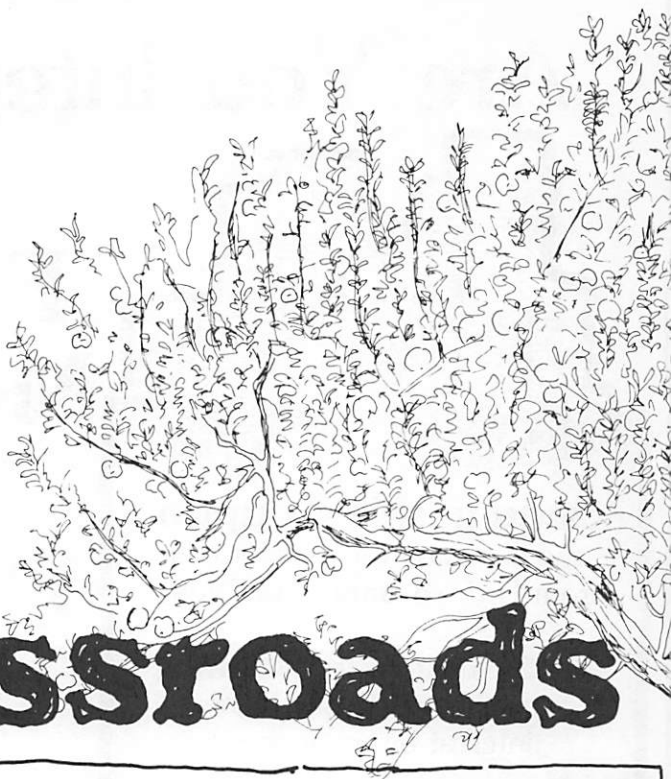
Substantial Penalty for Early Withdrawals



**Oxford Bank and Trust**

**Oxford • Westbrook, Maine**

Member F.D.I.C.



# Crossroads

Stanley Foss Bartlett: Hay In A Wind-Blown Field by Jennifer Wixson .....	6
A Bartlett Primer .....	9
Fear and Fighting On The Oxford Central Railway (conclusion of a three part series) by Lowell D. Henley .....	10
The Makings Of A County Fair .....	14
Heading Out: Canoeing The Saco by Sandy Wilhelm .....	20
Making It: Hope Tibbetts' Apple-Head Dolls by Sandy Wilhelm .....	22
"Honest John" Jerryson, Liar Fiction by Stanley Foss Bartlett .....	24
Medicine For The Hills by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D. ....	28
The Early Shoemaker submitted by Ruby Emery .....	32
Recollections: My Year Of The Bear by Margaret Merry Sawyer .....	34
The Early Autumn Kitchen by Sally Clay .....	36
You Don't Say .....	38
Folktales: Oxford's Horseshoe-Pitching Pateneaudes by Pat White Gorrie ....	40
Goings On .....	42
Can You Place It? .....	13, 45
Peddler Page .....	47
Ayuh .....	52
Reader's Room: My Life With A Whirlwind by Sandra Morgan .....	54
Poetry	
Situations by Dana Lowell .....	12
The Country Store by Larry Billings .....	35
Berryng On Streaked Mountain by David Stonebreaker .....	38
North Waterford Pig Scramble (Limerick) by Mary Springer .....	45



# BitterSweet

Box 301, Oxford, ME 04270  
207 / 743-8225

Bruce H. Day & David E. Gilpatrick  
*Founders*

Michael & Sandy Wilhelm  
*Publisher and Editor*

Pat White Gorrie  
*Associate Editor*

Brenda Haynes  
*Advertising Manager*

Lottie Record  
*Distribution Manager*

**BitterSweet** is published the first of each month by **BitterSweet**, One Madison Avenue, Oxford, Maine 04270. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. by Western Maine Graphics, Inc.

**Subscription Rates:** U. S. Territory and Possessions, one year — 12 issues for \$8.00. 75¢/copy at newsstands. Canadian and foreign addresses are \$2.00/year additional. All correspondence regarding subscriptions, billing and/or payments should be addressed to **BitterSweet** at the above address.

**Contributions:** We encourage the submission of manuscripts, artwork and photography. We do ask that all such material be from local contributors and of local interest. Please submit to The Editor, **BitterSweet**, at the above address. We will return your material if it is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. **BitterSweet** cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. Payment is made upon acceptance.

**Publication Date:** The first of each month.

**Editorial Closing Date:** Six weeks prior to publication.

**Advertising Deadline:** One month prior to publication date.

## CREDITS

Illustrations: Pages 2-3, 53, Alison Kenway; Pages 9, 24, Stanley Foss Bartlett; Page 36, Brenda Haynes; Page 52, Duncan Slade. Photos: Page 5, Pat White Gorrie; Page 13, Stanley Foss Bartlett; Pages 14-19, Mark Silber (© Mark Silber); Pages 20, 22, 41-45, Sandy Wilhelm; Page 34, Allan L. Egbert for *The National Geographic*.

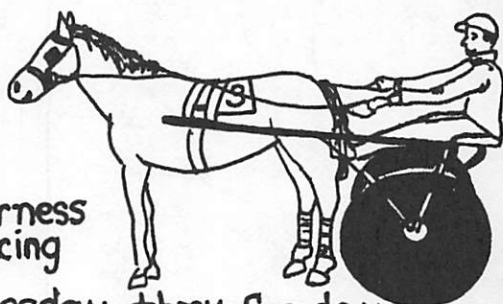
COVER: FRYEBURG FAIR by Paul Dubay

# THE 128th FRYEBURG FAIR

OCT. 1-8



Woodman's  
Field Day  
Oct. 2, 10:30 a.m.



Harness  
Racing

tuesday thru Sunday  
post time 1:30 p.m.



Horse, Oxen, or Pony  
Pulling every day



Horse Show  
Sunday Oct. 1



Pig & Calf Scrambles  
Sun. Oct. 1, Fri. Oct. 6, Sun. Oct. 8

Fiddlers Contest  
tues. Oct. 3, 8 p.m.  
Great entertainment  
Every night

Livestock, Beano  
Hall Exhibits  
Farm Museum  
Midway

*"Maine's Blue Ribbon Fair"*

Route 5, Fryeburg, Maine

# BitterSweet Views

Our roving reporter, Pat White Gorrie, had a "couple of weeks that were," starting with the slaughter of Priscilla the Pig, during which Pat surprised even herself by helping to disembowel the creature, hose out the still-spurting blood, and scrub the pallid porker's skin, hair and toenails. This "gorrie" tale was all in the cause of research for an upcoming article in the November issue of **BitterSweet** on the mystique of the pig.

From pigs to destroyers is quite a jump, but it wasn't long before Pat found herself on her way to Portland to tour and cruise on a Navy destroyer, the U.S.S. Edison, en route to Rockland's Lobster Festival. On deck, she was drawn into a dialogue with tall, movie-star handsome "Pat" Derenburger, the Navy recruiter who arranged her trip.

The lure of the sea still shows in his eyes, but his feet are firmly in East Oxford when he's not doing p.r. work out of the Recruiting Station in Lewiston. Weekends find him "in the pits" at the Oxford Speedway, where Pat snapped him as he took a breather while working on Number Twenty, the winning stock car that his brother Paul races.

In between those two events, Pat danced under "The Cape's" willow tree with Frank Bean at the Otisfield resort's annual pork roast, where Priscilla crackled on a spit over an open fire to crisp, juicy perfection.

Add to this the rush of chauffeuring her sons all summer to swim, mime and pottery lessons and the care and feeding of them and her vegetable and flower gardens; and you'll understand that reporters are compulsive over-doers.

As if to further emphasize that fact, we were introduced this past month to Jennifer Wixson, an industrious writer and part-time Norway librarian, whose immersion in the study of forgotten literary figure Stanley Foss Bartlett resulted in the article appearing on page 6. We are happy not only to discover Bartlett, but also Ms. Wixson.

Another newcomer to **BitterSweet** this month is East Sumner photographer Mark Silber, whose country fair photographs appear on page 14. Silber delicately balances his time at the moment between fulltime farming and graduate study.

Readers' contributions continue to play an important part in the pages of **BitterSweet**,



Editor Gorrie boarding the U.S.S. Edison (with Butch Lenberg of Betsy's Country Store behind her); and Pat Derenburger with brother Paul at the Speedway.

as is evidenced by submissions this month to the Reader's Room, Recollections and Ayuh sections. Keep on keeping us in touch. We've come to depend on it.

*Sandy Wilhelm*

Stanley Foss Bartlett:

## Hay In A Wind-Blown Field

by Jennifer Wixson

A person's walk through the windrows of life can be pretty much as crooked or as straight as he makes it. The journey's interrupted, of course, by an occasional field mouse, a clump of milkweed and, every once in a while, blockbusted by a musty bale of hay lying forgotten in a corner field. Should this be the case, a person has three choices: He can walk around the hay. Sit on it. Or open it up and see if, beneath the mold and mildew, it's still fresh and green. If it is, he can carry it home to his cows.

I took my find home to my cows — figuratively speaking, that is — since I'm not a farmer and I didn't find hay. Instead, I stumbled upon Maine's lost talent, Stanley Foss Bartlett.

He was a poet who captured the essence of everyday life. An artist of comic relief. A photographer years ahead of his time. He went from North Leeds, to Norway, to Locke Mills. I came from California to discover him, forty years later; though, to this day, I'm not sure if I discovered him, or if Stanley Foss Bartlett discovered me.

The big brick library in Norway was the perfect setting. I had gone to the Maine room to replace a borrowed book. My hands travelled down the row of numbers, searching for the empty space: 755, 757, 800. Suddenly, out of the shelves flopped a thin grey book. I bent over and picked it up: 811, *Lost Hours*, by Stanley Foss Bartlett.

I felt a queerness as I held the book in my hands, as if I had some sort of premonition of all the days and weeks I would come to spend searching out the life of its author. I opened the volume, skimmed it, and was spellbound. The hay was still sweet and green inside.

I chased Stanley Foss Bartlett from Norway to Locke Mills, to the University of Maine, to Portland, to Owls Head, and then back to Locke Mills; picking up the pieces as I went along; putting together the puzzle of this man who was certainly worth noticing, but of whom I'd never heard. Finding out to my disappointment that he had died forty-one years earlier of cancer, at the age of 35. That only a few local people knew him. That tribute had never been paid him. And that he had never asked for any. As he once wrote —

"When I have gone — have passed  
away into Eternity  
And left behind no sky-reared work  
reminding men of me,  
I hope the blossoms by my door will  
always sweetly blow  
And men will say, while passing —  
'He loved the flowers so!'"

Who was Stanley Foss Bartlett?

He was born in North Leeds, Maine, February 13, 1902, to Anna Foss and King Bartlett. With his brother Sidney and sister Gwen, he attended many different schools in the area, including one in Norway, until the family settled down in Locke Mills. There, his childhood days developed into the pattern of his life, as he combined his writing and artistic ability with his great love of the outdoors. He wrote of simple, never-changing things of beauty — a pasture, the first snow, a country road. All of this he collected, wrote about, and put in his first book of poetry, *Lost Hours*, published in 1924 when Stanley was 22, and which I stumbled upon years later.

After graduating from Woodstock High in



**Stanley Foss Bartlett: A poet who captured the essence of everyday life. An artist of comic relief. A photographer years ahead of his time.**

Bryant Pond, Stanley worked at a variety of odd jobs in the area until he had enough money saved to go to college. He chose the University of Idaho Forestry School and spent two years out west obtaining his degree. Stanley had a strange mixture of humble-pride. Once, instead of writing for financial help from his parents, he travelled home to visit them from Idaho with only three apples in his pockets. Though he would have starved before asking anyone for help, he was always the first person to help someone else.

Stanley worked for the forest service in New Hampshire for a short time, until he decided that writing was more to his liking than rangers. He met and married Marjorie Farwell of Bethel in 1927. One year later, his poem, "The Jambreaker" caught the eye of an executive at Great Northern Paper Company, and Bartlett was hired as a social worker for the men of the Great North Woods.

Stanley moved from camp to camp, traveling from his home in Greenville, to such places at Kokadjo, Grant Farm, over the



Bartlett's self-made cabin on North Pond, near Greenwood, which is today owned by his nephew Paul and wife, Marie

North East Carry, to Seboomook. He took with him films, cards, and an ever-present smile — and left with an abundance of lumberjack lore, which he incorporated into his second book, a collection of short stories, published in 1937 and entitled, *Beyond the Sowdyhunk*.

Stanley Foss Bartlett was an idealistic man who dared to dream even during the Depression. He wanted to become known for his writing and artistic ability and moved away from the security of Great Northern to earn his living as a commercial artist at 1 Walker Street in Portland. He survived a year on his own, until receiving a job offer from *The Lewiston Sun-Journal*. He went to work writing for the newspaper and he remained with *The Journal* until his death in 1937.

He wrote column after column, story after story, poem after poem; and collected a regular batch of readers, both local and nationwide. He published articles in major magazines such as *Psychology* and *Outdoors*, written in a style which had readers feeling simultaneously sad and happy. His wit was offbeat. In the February, 1936 issue of *Outdoors*, for instance, he wrote of his London-oriented character, Freddie, tussling with his cross-country skis while on a fishing trip: "As the terrain became more or less rough, he frequently found one foot trying to pass a tree on one side while his other foot was attempting to sneak around on the opposite side...When the skis skimmed onto that flawless blue (ice) they ran amuck. They shot apart as if they were scared to death of each other; then with complete about-face they

made for one another like bitter enemies." Though Stanley often poked fun at his stereotyped Freddie, it always seemed that, in the end, Freddie wound up catching the biggest fish.

Stanley's tales were usually accompanied by an outlandish sketch, one that told in vivid detail the fate of "The Champeen Moose-Caller" or whomever happened to be occupying the spot of main character. And, as often as not, he'd slip in a poem or two, just to let the readers know that the world is never really what they think it is.

Between the time spent at the *Lewiston Journal* and the hours whiled away at his typewriter, Stanley built himself a log cabin, *The Shanty*, on an island in North Pond near Greenwood. Perched upon a rock ledge, this hand-hewn memorial is owned today by Stanley's nephew Paul and wife Marie. It is there that the ashes of this talented man remain to mingle with the dust and pine needles of the Maine woods.

Stanley was working on his third book, *Silent Songs*, when overtaken by cancer. He ignored the disease and kept on working. Writing. Sketching. Photographing. But time ran out July 13, 1937, and he died before he could finish his bid for immortality in *Silent Songs*.

The book was finally published in 1940, and a plaque was placed on the ledges of his island, containing his name, date of birth, and date of death. No long eulogies; no regrets; just a simple and inspiring message, like the life of Stanley Foss Bartlett.

## A CABIN OF DREAMS

*And if folks ever want to know what 'twas we loved and dreamed about, just tell them 'twas a cabin small, aglow within, riot without. And tell them that the flowers bent into the trail that turned for rocks; skies were mighty canvasses, e'er changing, specked with homing flocks; that trees leaned east and trees leaned west and some grew straight to God; that grey stones rested in the jade and rich brown was the sod; that vine climbed here and bush sprang there and color did as would; the forest grew up to the door — we lived inside and called it good.*

Stanley Foss Bartlett

## THE PASTURE

God bless an upland pasture where  
The grass is nibbled short —  
Where steeple-bush and mullein grow  
And breezes whisper naught;  
Where cobwebs stretch from rock to rock,  
The narrow cow-path turns,  
And weathered granite boulders squat  
In frills of feather ferns;  
Where goldfinch pecks on thistle blow  
And cricket breaks the still —  
Where once I followed home the cows —  
God bless the Oxford Hill.

Stanley Foss Bartlett

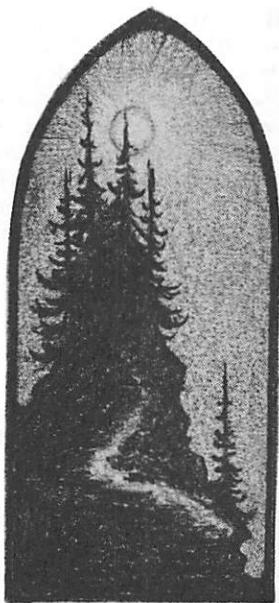
## WORDS FOR MY WIFE

*(A noted scientist says that dispositions are governed by individual cycles that cause alternate cheerful and melancholy periods, during which the victim should be treated accordingly.)*

On your down-cycle day I'll strive  
To have a care of what I say,  
If you will carefully connive  
Upon my down-cycle day;  
But if by any twist of fate  
Or turn of zodiacal sign,  
Our cycles should assimilate,  
You hold your tongue, and I'll hold mine.

Stanley Foss Bartlett

## A Bartlett Primer



(for more of Stanley Foss Bartlett's work, see Page 24)

# NORTHERN LIGHTS



Wixson is a librarian at the Norway Public Library.

# Fear And Fighting On The Oxford Central Railway

by Lowell D. Henley

(The Conclusion of a three-part series)

Initial enthusiasm over plans, announced in the summer of 1896, to construct a railway for Central Oxford County soon gave way to confusion. Preparatory work on the line dragged. It was the fall of 1897 before a labor camp was finally established, bringing about 250 Italian workers to Rice's Junction in East Waterford to begin actual work on the line. Within a few weeks, the project began to crumble.

The Italian workers, angered over a failure to receive their pay, erupted in a riot, taking two railroad officials as hostages. Sheriff's deputies and state detectives were sent into the camp to quiet the angry masses. One of the detectives, named Bassett, eventually arranged for the escape of the two prisoners by setting himself up as bait to divert the attention of the rioters long enough for the hostages to make a getaway by horse-drawn carriage. Bassett, however, was left behind at the camp.

There followed a very tense night for all. Rumors ran rampant, the most persistent of which was that the mob of rioters had streamed out onto the road toward Norway. All possible precautions were taken. The electric lights were run all night. Special watchmen were detailed to patrol the town. The Selectmen and many of the residents went without sleep, wondering what would happen next. Many farm families living near the labor camp posted guards behind locked doors, with loaded shotguns at hand, but none were molested.

Concern for the safety of Detective Bassett induced a dozen men to form a search party which searched the wooded area as near the camp as it dared to go. Bassett was found about four o'clock Monday morning, badly injured. He was taken to Norway where he was treated by a doctor. Although his wounds were many and he had lost a lot of blood, he recovered nicely.

According to Bassett's story, the escape of the two hostages Sunday evening had so maddened the striking Italians that they immediately turned their fury on the detective, whom they rightly blamed for the daring rescue. The rioters converged on Bassett in a murderous attack and he realized he had small chance of escaping with his life.

As the mob completely surrounded him, beating at him with clubs, he drew his revolver and began shooting, managing somehow to slip out of his coat. Rocks and clubs disrupted his aim, and he was severely beaten by the angry crowd, whose weight of numbers was fast deciding the issue of who would prevail.

One of the strikers threw an axe at Bassett's head, but the detective saw the weapon in time to dodge it. The axe hit a boulder and seemed almost to explode, sending pieces flying in all directions. As the crowd dodged the flying debris, a brief

opening occurred in their lines, through which Bassett leaped. As he "ran the gauntlet" at his liveliest gait, he was hit by clubs, rocks, and knives, as well as being shot at.

Finally, Bassett came out on the road to Waterford Flat, where he put on even greater speed and managed to outdistance his pursuers. At the Flat, he got someone to dress his many wounds, rested for a while and then insisted on heading for Norway. He was offered a ride to town in a wagon, but ruled against it, since it would be risky to try driving through the angry mob at Rice's Junction. Although he was quite badly wounded, Bassett struck out on foot, believing he could make the trip safely. He detoured the camp by circling wide through the woods. When he finally met the search party, he was about at the point of collapse.

During the day on Monday, some of the more severely wounded Italians were brought to Norway for medical treatment. One had a bullet wound in his scalp, inflicted by Bassett during his escape. One had a broken leg and one had multiple bruises, brought about when they were run over by horses during the Sunday night rescue. It was reported that several more were hurt but refused to go to a doctor. Their injuries were apparently caused by fighting among the men themselves while trying to establish blame for the escape of the hostages. Rumors persisted for years that two of the rioters had been killed and buried, but no substantial evidence was ever found to prove any truth in that story.

Another man was badly beaten Sunday evening following the rescue. John Dubey of Waterford just happened to be walking by the camp at a time when the strikers were especially angry over losing their prisoners.

Dubey was attacked and, although he claimed he had known nothing about the riot or the rescues, he was nearly beaten unconscious before he finally convinced the strikers that he had nothing to do with their troubles. He was finally released.

That same evening, an Albert Bean was shot at as he drove through the area, but the only damage was a little bird shot in the head.

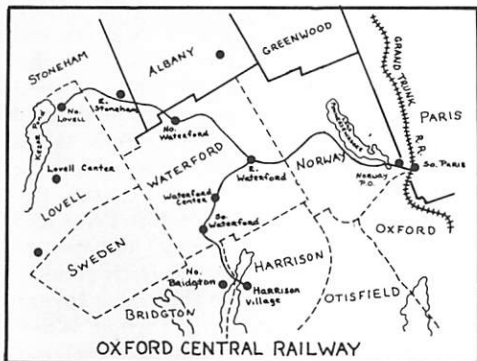


An additional sidelight to the story involved the attempt of the strikers to lynch one of their own men, whom they charged with being a traitor, claiming he had allowed Bassett to escape. This man had been given shelter at the home of F. H. Ames near the camp. Early Monday morning, a squad of Italians went to the house and demanded that Ames turn their countryman over to them so that they could hang him. Their intended victim slipped out the back door and made his escape. The Italians were courteous to Ames, however. After he showed them their man was not in the house, they departed peaceably.

By Monday afternoon, the riot had cooled down to the extent that many visitors were safely received at the camp and treated with utmost courtesy. The Italians seemed ashamed of their previous actions. They kept saying they would cause no more trouble; that all they wanted was their "mon." Many of the people in their area were in complete sympathy with the laborers on that score.

Chief Engineer Wilson returned to Norway on Monday afternoon, insisting that his brother would soon be getting the finances straightened out and that the railroad construction could get going again.

On Tuesday morning, however, the laborers began streaming into Norway, carting their baggage in wagons. D. S. Sanborn, Chairman of the Norway Board of Selectmen, had them supplied with food. Local officials tried to get them to return to Boston and railroad cars were procured for that purpose. But a spokesman for the Italians said they would not leave Norway until they got their "mon."



The men were offered the cars in which to sleep, but refused, apparently afraid that once they were all in the cars, they would be hauled back to Boston against their will. Instead, they took their blankets and slept in the Town Hall and on the streets. There was no trouble, since everyone stayed orderly and quiet.

Wednesday came and went with the laborers still in Norway waiting to be paid. Thursday morning, about 160 of them finally gave up and took a train to Boston. About 50 more stayed behind. After being told by the treasurer of the railroad company that there wasn't any money with which to pay them, however, the remaining group also left for Boston, promising to procure an Italian lawyer to get their money for them. By late Thursday, all the laborers were gone.

For several days after the excitement, the daring rescue was the talk of the area. *The Lewiston Sun* sent up a reporter to get a detailed scoop on the story.

But, over at the construction area, there was a strange quiet. The labor camp was deserted and still. And everyone was asking the same question, "What will become of the Railroad?" No one had the answer.

The facts were that about 17 miles of grading had been finished. Poles for the power line had been strung along the way. Some wooden culverts had been built. Stacks of ties had been piled at convenient points along the grading. All officials insisted that the work amounted to "a splendidly laid-out railroad grade," most of it ready and waiting only for the rails to be laid. But now the big question was, "Would the railroad ever be completed?"

Weeks went by and many of the key personnel involved with the railroad faded out of the picture. *The Boston Post*, dated October 15, contained a small news item

concerning Robert A. Davis, the superintendent of the railroad grading crew and one of the two hostages rescued from the strikers at the labor camp. He had been arrested and fined \$10 plus costs on a charge of getting drunk and running amok in the streets of Boston, firing a revolver.

A South Waterford news item in *The Advertiser* of November 5 read, "It looks as though our railroad is as dead as a hammer, the same as all other enterprises that ever start up in Waterford."

But an East Waterford item in the same paper read, "We hear the business on the railroad is soon to start again, and hope it may."

A week later, under the Lynchville news, it was reported that, "Our people are very much disappointed about the railroad. It seems as if there has been quite a lot of money spent and a lot of work done that amounts to nothing. Perhaps in the spring someone will take hold and pull it through."

There are still many unanswered questions about the failure of the railroad project. Strangely, no old news reports could be located concerning dissolution of the company, final settlement of accounts, return to original owners of "rights of way" that were taken, bankruptcy, or receivership.

What became of the carloads of bridge steel which was said to have been on the siding at Norway? What happened to other such equipment as wagons and tools and the camp buildings over at Rice's Junction?

Even though the laborers never were paid, apparently some money was spent. But, there seems to be no available record of who lost money or how much. The towns could not lose more than 5% of their commitment, according to their contracts.

In addition, there appears to be no record of the true cause of the collapse of the railroad company. There were known to be a few "right of way" problems. For instance, I learned from first-hand accounts while doing my research that some people at Waterford Flat were trying to block the railroad from going through. Also I was told that Don C. Seitz of Norway, manager of *The New York World* newspaper, flatly refused to allow the railroad to go through a corner of Ordway Grove, which he owned. When the railroad officials threatened eminent

---

## SITUATIONS

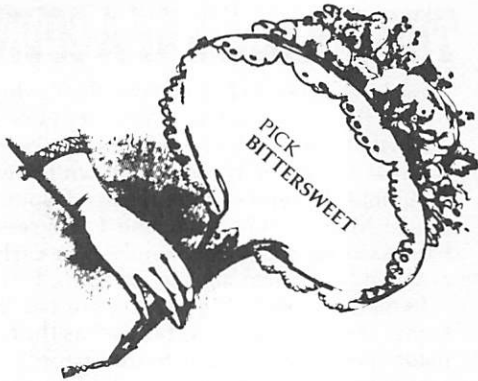
The seed  
that I planted  
early last spring  
& nurtured  
through the summer  
has grown  
into  
a shabby bush  
that blocks the view  
from my window.

Dana Lowell

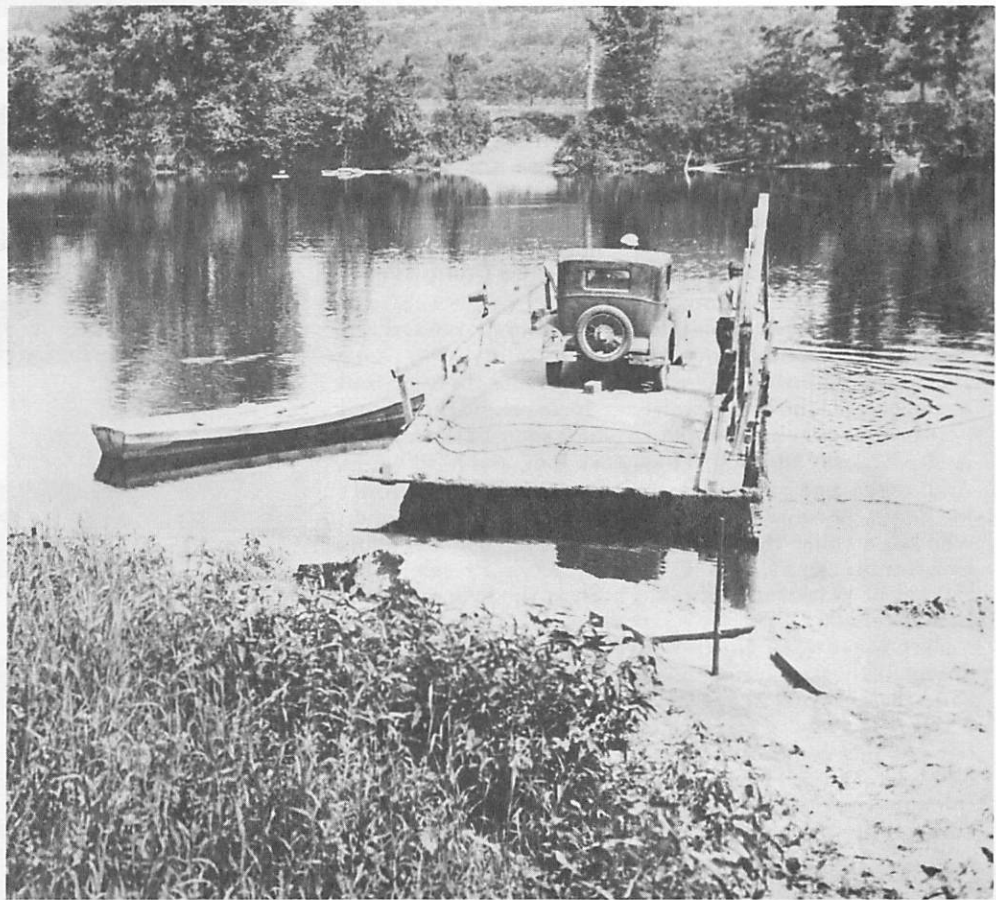
domain proceedings, Seitz allegedly counterthreatened to "expose the promoters," saying he had investigated them and "knew all about them."

As of this writing, there seems to be no more available information about the Oxford Central Electric Railroad. For what I have been able to contribute in the compilation of this manuscript, I gratefully acknowledge the use of the archives at the Norway Memorial Library and quite a few personal contributions from older people in this area who were able to recall some of the incidents described herein; especially three eyewitnesses to some of the above incidents, all past ninety years of age: Judge Albert J. Stearns, Louis J. Brooks, and Fred L. Pike, all of Norway.

*Henley, now deceased, served as Norway's State Representative for several years and also as State Senator. He compiled his history of the Oxford Central Electric Railroad in 1968.*



## Can You Place It?



## THE MAKINGS OF A COUNTRY FAIR

Each fall, close to 200,000 people file through the gates of one of the county's trio of country fairs. Beginning in late August at the North Waterford Little World's Fair — one of the few remaining truly small town festivals — they move on in mid-September to the Oxford County Fair — dubbed one of Maine's oldest and "most progressive" by the State Fair Association — and wind up in early October at the granddaddy of them all, the Fryeburg Fair.

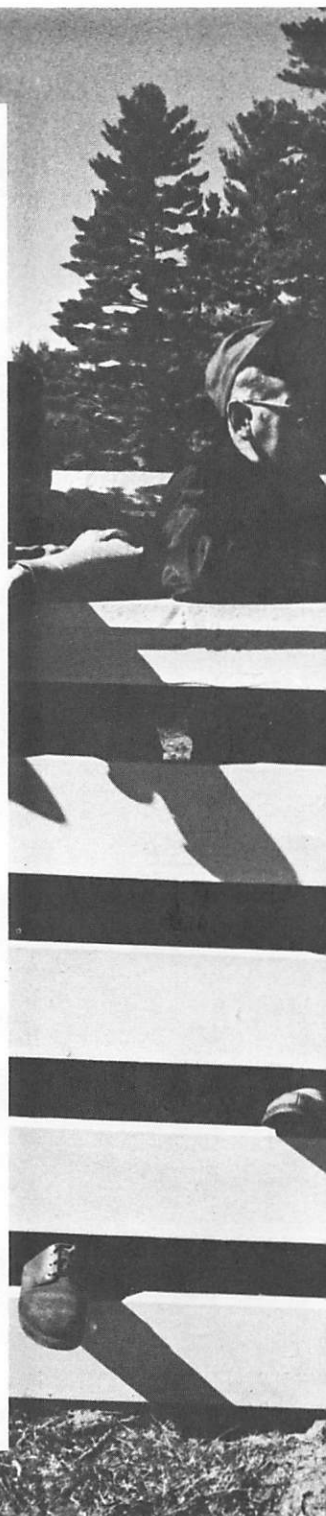
In many respects, the country fair has changed very little from the days when — as far back as the fall of 1842 — folks made their way by wagon to the Oxford County Fairgrounds and paid a quarter to view displays of homemade farm implements, livestock and handcrafts. Originally conceived as a harvest festival whose purpose was to encourage and reward the agricultural accomplishments of local farmers, the fair has managed to retain its agricultural thrust. Midways have been added to beef up the crowds. Girlie shows and horseracing, singing acts and daredevil shows have helped build excitement over the years. But it is the agricultural activity of the livestock barns, pulling rings and exhibition halls that ties it all together.

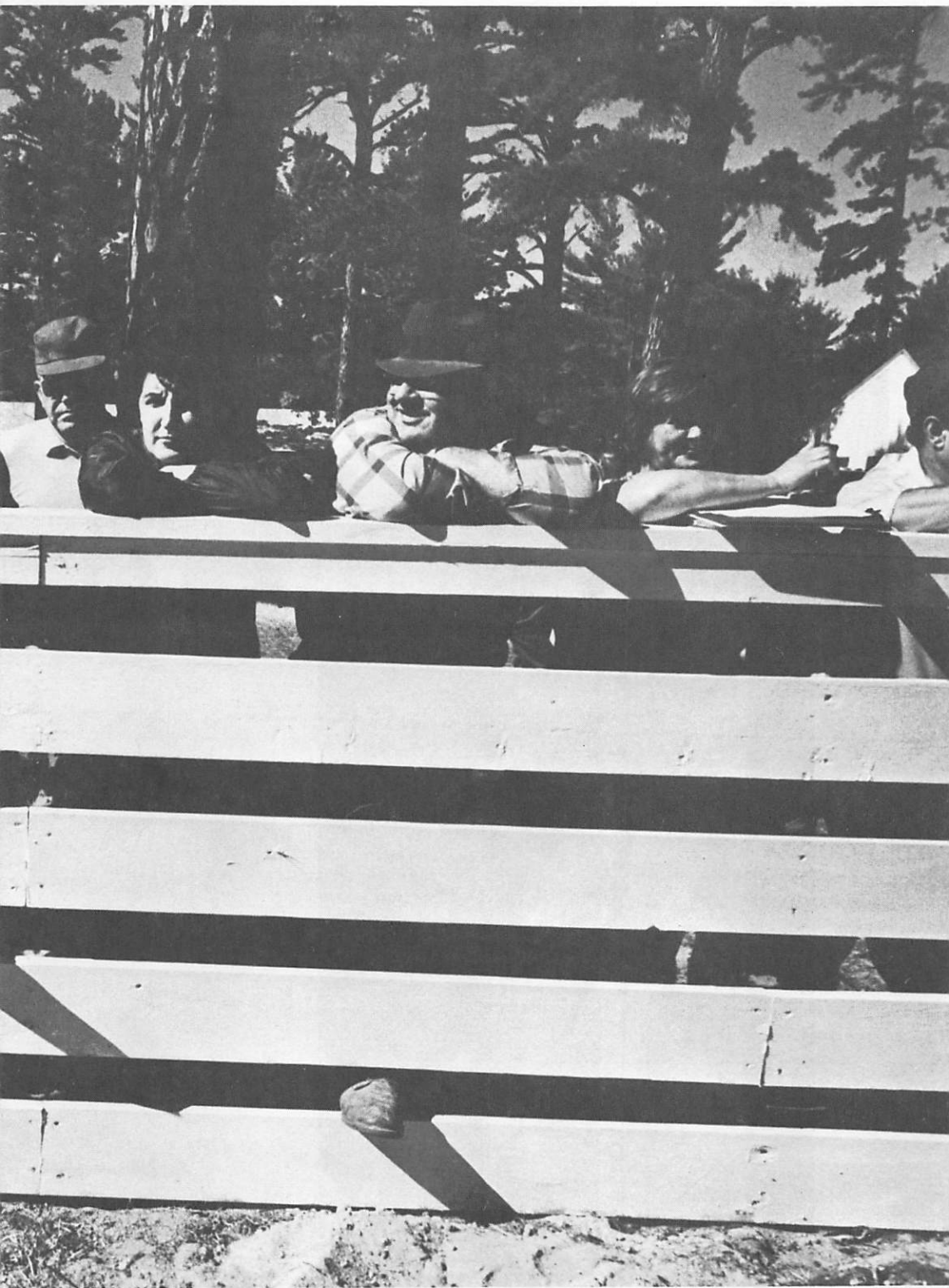
The fact that the county's three fairs have been coming off year after year for more than a century (North Waterford, with a population of under 1,000, has managed to support a fair for 131 years; The Oxford County Fair is entering its 133rd season; and Fryeburg Fair is 128 years old) is as much a testimonial to the people in charge as it is to the healthy state of agriculture in the county.

Fair planning is a year-round affair. The three or four dozen people who form the driving force behind the various non-profit agricultural societies which sponsor the fairs are paid practically nothing. They work long and hard hours. And, they come back year after year. People like Oxford's Joe Penley, a retired West Paris clothespin factory owner, who has manned the microphone in the fair's horsepulling ring for 42 years; and Oxford Society's President Bill Haynes of Waterford, who has been at the helm for more than a decade.

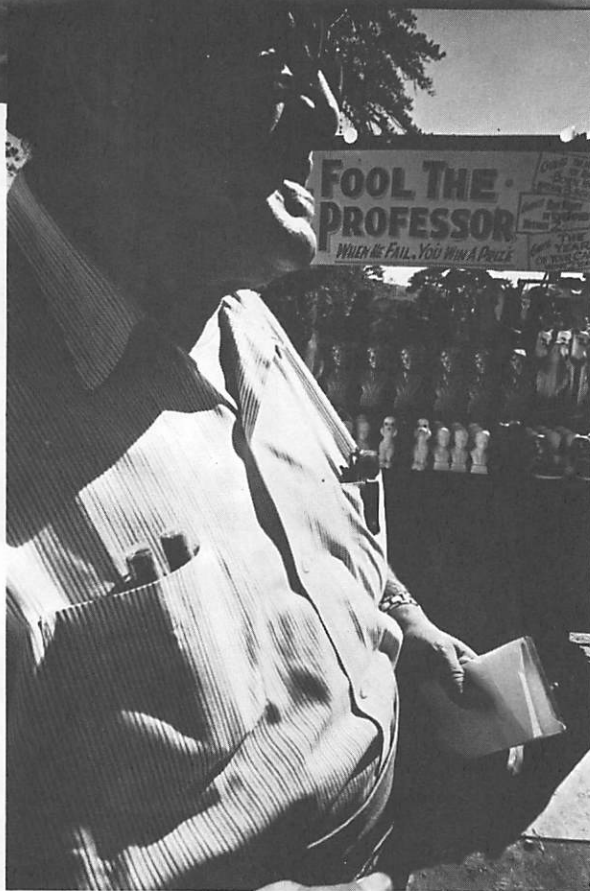
Vern Maxfield of North Waterford, who was first introduced to the fair's inner workings by his uncle, Merritt Kimball, and who, at age 23, now heads his organization.

Retired Fryeburg farmer Phil Andrews, a member of the fair's finance committee for more than 30 years; and young Attorney David Hastings, who, like his father—finance committee secretary for over two decades—is unabashedly absorbed by the aura of the event.





# FACES



# OF THE FAIR

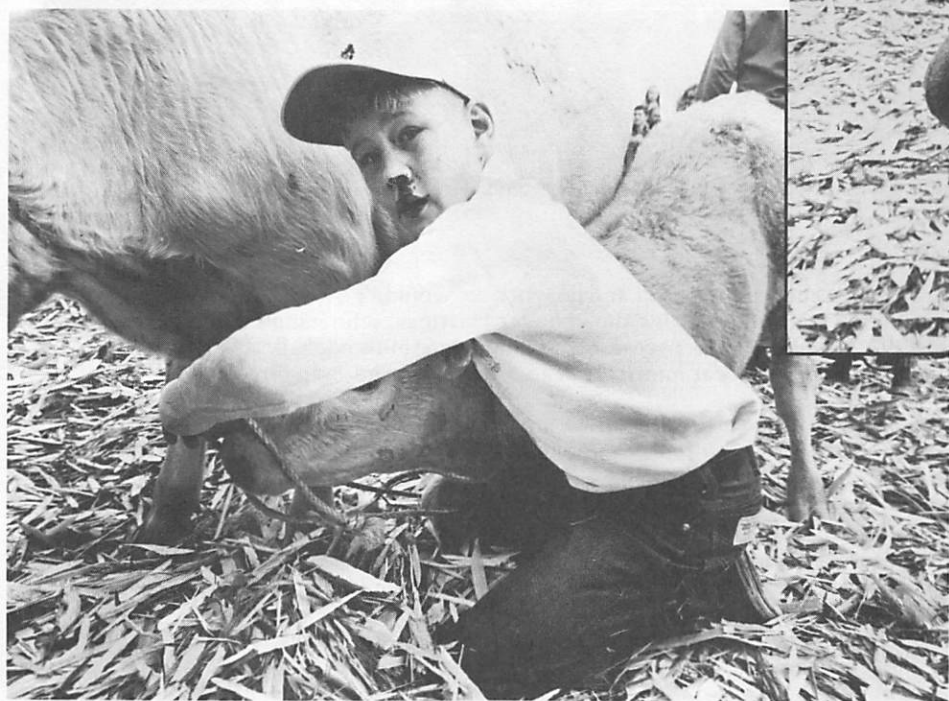


"It gives us all a chance to get out and do work we wouldn't otherwise do, with people we wouldn't otherwise meet," explains the younger Hastings, who handles fair entertainment and publicity. "It's fun to take a week off and do something oddball."

In Fryeburg, even the local ministers take a breather and help direct traffic out at the fairgrounds.

But no matter how great the dedication and enthusiasm of fair planners, a fair's success depends ultimately on the numbers of people drawn through its gates. And, the element which has the most to do with determining those numbers is ironically the one thing beyond organizer's control — the weather. Good or bad weather can make or break a fair, financially. It is such an important factor to fair success that Oxford's Haynes can remember the day when agricultural societies could take out insurance against stormy days. If a fair was rained out, the policy made up the lost revenue. But insurance premiums have become so high as to be impractical any longer, according to Haynes.

Instead, fair organizers are forced to gamble. And they are fatalistic about the outcome. After all, most of them have had a lot of practice. There is no greater gambler than the New England farmer.





In a good year, with good weather, a fair will make money and the proceeds are simply reinvested into the grounds, according to Fryeburg's Andrews, who cites improvements at the racing grandstand, paddocks and exposition halls to be among the most noteworthy recent Fryeburg additions.

In a bad year, adds Hastings, the money can always be borrowed to fund the next year's fair.

"Win or lose, we're all aware that there'll always be a Fryeburg Fair," he says.

It's a comforting thought and a sentiment shared by Oxford's Haynes and North Waterford's Maxfield. After all, the fairs are moving in on the century-and-a-half mark. There's no reason to believe they'll start running out of steam now.



# Heading Out

## Canoeing The Saco

by Sandy Wilhelm

Our initial reaction to an invitation from Fred Westerberg, the amiable proprietor of Saco River Canoe & Kayak in Fryeburg, to tackle a canoe trip down one of the country's most popular rivers, was a combination of anticipation and apprehension. As it turned out, all our fears were unfounded.

As newcomers to the sport of canoeing, my husband and I had envisioned a grueling paddle through rushing whitewater sprinkled with tricky rock formations. What we found, instead, during our three-hour trek, was a river as calm and clear as a backyard pool, bordered by glorious sand beaches and surrounded by unspoiled woodland.

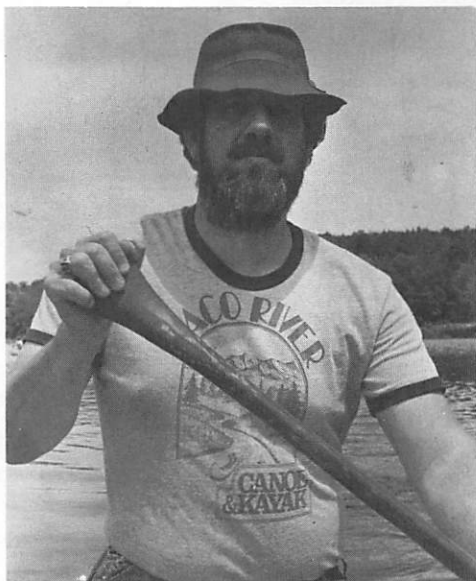
Perhaps most gratifying of all, we discovered that in canoeing, at least, there is such a thing as a one-way trip. We made an almost-effortless ten-mile journey downstream (beginning at Swan's Falls directly across from Westerberg's Rt. 5 shop — one of the river's most popular putting-in spots — and ending near the Rt. 302 bridge) and were then trafficked home by automobile, never once having to buck the swift current upstream.

Part of the ease and enjoyment of the junket was due to our gracious hosts — Westerberg, a garrulous, avid outdoorsman who is a Registered Maine Guide; his co-worker Jerry Smith and his two young daughters, Beth and Crissy. All four were as at-home on the meandering river as in the small shop beside the Westerberg home, from which the family rental operation is run.

The river itself made an ideal introduction to what Westerberg describes as the country's fastest-growing family sport. Almost all of the 48 miles traveled by Westerberg canoes (from the 302 bridge in Conway to the Hiram Bridge) can be handled

at a lazy paddle, thanks to a swift and constant current. The Saco is among the top three rivers rated by the AMC on the basis of ease, terrain, and natural camping conditions, says Westerberg. It's easy to see why. Hardly a house or camp is visible from the river. Most of the land along its banks and beyond is owned by farmers and paper companies, according to Westerberg, and is secure against any immediate development. The beaches at the water's edge are inviting as overnight camping spots or — as we found out for ourselves, first-hand — as fine picnic areas. There is no such thing as a "Keep Out" sign. You simply pick your spot "either for seclusion or security," as Westerberg puts it. Fire permits are required, however.

As we were making our way quietly downstream, Westerberg explained how he



Fred Westerberg



began in the canoe business:

"About six years ago, I put a dozen canoes out in front of the house just to see what would happen," he recalls, tugging at the new silk-screened Saco River tee-shirt which he is proudly sporting. "It was a case of ideal timing. More and more people were beginning to look for inexpensive, energy-efficient ways to get away from it all, to get back to nature. We offered an answer."

Today, the Westerbergs have four times as many canoes and often must rely on loaners from nearby camps to satisfy the crowds. The sport is growing at the rate of 30 per cent a year, according to Westerberg, partly because it is one of the few get-away weekend vacations that can be had for under \$50. About half of his business comes from city-locked Bay Staters, he says.

Despite the Saco's reputation as a beginner's river, Westerberg is nevertheless cautious in his advice to first-time canoers. Before people leave his shop for the river, he makes sure that any non-swimmers have been warned to wear their life jackets, even though most of the river is surprisingly shallow; and he cautions everybody to be on the lookout for obstructions — the number one cause of problems for any canoer.

Thousands of people take to the Saco each season, attracted by its unique combination of accessibility and apparent remoteness. On the weekday we took our brief trip, we came across only two or three other canoes. During busier weekend times, there is more activity on the river. But Westerberg says the spacious waterway and beaches never become overcrowded.

Although things are liveliest during the summer months, fall is a good time to enjoy not only the river, but also the spectacular views surrounding it. During the time of the Fryeburg fair in early October, for instance, it is possible to photograph not only the foliage, but also, if you are lucky, a flock of wood ducks in flight.

Besides canoeing, the trip offers the opportunity to fish (mostly for bass, pickerel and yellow perch), bird-watch (bald eagles have been sighted occasionally around Kezar Pond and whooping cranes have been spotted on the river), and rock climb.



*Gretchen, Crissy, Beth and Prudy Westerberg at the family's Fryeburg shop.*

# Making It

## Hope Tibbetts' Apple-Head Dolls

by Sandy Wilhelm

"Fifteen cents and a little imagination" is all it takes to create a handsome apple-head doll, according to Hope Tibbetts of Bethel, who ought to know. Hope has created dozens of the little creatures during the past decade, shipping some of her creations as far afield as France and Germany. In doing so, she has helped perpetuate one of the nation's oldest traditional crafts.

The dolls, which often served as the sole playthings of poor pioneer children because their corncob bodies and apple heads were easily and inexpensively crafted, have been exquisitely refined under Hope's adept and careful hand. Because the dolls draw their unique personalities from the distinctive drying process of each individual apple, which defines their wizened features, no two are ever exactly alike.

"Some are sweet looking," says Hope, eyeing a favorite figure of an exquisitely dressed elderly matron. "Others are so terrifying to look at that you wouldn't want to meet them in a dark alley."

Each doll takes about eight hours to assemble. Here's how it's done:

First, select a large winter keeping apple, anything but a MacIntosh. Hope says she usually uses the biggest Cortland she can find, since the apple will shrink up by at least half before the doll is finished.

Pare the apple and carve out the head features, exaggerating some. Hope makes slits with a knife for the eyes and nose, hollows out the cheeks and cuts a small mouth. She also defines the area around the bridge of the nose and, with her fingernails, imprints fine facial wrinkles.

Next, remove the stem and blossom end of the apple and put the fruit somewhere to dry from two to eight weeks. Hope says it's important that the apple doesn't get cold or damp while drying, in order to avoid rotting. Heat should be kept constant. Apples should also not be allowed to touch each other or else you'll wind up with siamese twins.

While the apple is drying, the body of the doll can be assembled. Hope has traded the traditional corn-cob doll body for a quicker and easier substitute. She uses a detergent bottle which is faster, even, than a wire-

*Hope Tibbetts and creations*



# Don't Miss An Issue You May Have Missed Your Friend **BitterSweet**

## It's Enjoyable...

Unique Articles, Stories, Looking Back  
Pictures... of your area.

*A great gift for very special people*

### CHARTER MEMBERSHIPS

are no longer available to personal subscribers. Recipients of any of the first 1500 *gift subscriptions* will automatically become Charter Members, entitling them to renew their subscriptions at \$1 below the regular rate each year.

Take **BitterSweet** home with you this fall or, better yet, send it along with a friend.

(please print your name here if you're giving as gifts only)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(See Reverse Side)

1st Subscription for 12 Issues — Only \$8.00  
Gift Subscriptions for 12 Issues — Only \$7.50

**YES** Please enter the following subscriptions  
of **BitterSweet**

**FOR MYSELF (please print) FOR MY FRIEND**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

First Subscription ..... \$8.00

**FOR MY FRIEND (please print)**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Second Subscription ..... \$7.50

**FOR MY FRIEND (please print)**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Second Subscription ..... \$7.50

**FOR MY FRIEND (please print)**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Third Subscription ..... \$7.50

Each Canadian and Foreign address - \$2.00 per year additional

☐ Start the above subscription(s) with \_\_\_\_\_ 19 \_\_\_\_ issue

☐ I've enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ subscription(s)

Please Allow Time for Arrivals of the Above

Fill out and Mail to **BitterSweet**, One Madison Ave., Oxford, Me. 04270

frame body. Cover the bottle with a sock and attach leather or felt to the base.

Cut a cloth for a petticoat measuring about 6 by 15 inches. Sew some lace on the bottom and then gather the petticoat at the waist and attach it to the bottle.

Cut dress from a pattern using a small print or solid colored material. Sew seams and then turn the material right-side out and place on the bottle. A belt or apron may be added before the skirt is hemmed to clear the floor.

Gather material at the wrist and attach hands, made from felt, adding a bit of lace at the cuff. Cover the neck of the bottle with lace. A jewel may be placed at the neck and a cape, shawl, or fur may also be added at this time.

Place about an inch of sand in the bottom of the bottle to weight it. As soon as the head is dried, insert beads for eyes. Add cotton for hair and cover with a net. Next, add some type of hat.

Cut a dowel to fit the height of the bottle. Twist cotton around the dowel so that it fits tightly into the neck of the bottle. Then sit back and admire your handiwork.

The dolls will last for years, "unless," says

Hope, "there are mice around the house to enjoy them."

The addition of little extras can make a big difference in the final product, as is witnessed by Hope's ingenious creations. She always tries to have her ladies carrying something in their arms for added interest. One wizened woman, dressed in black lace and wearing a feathered hat, totes a gaily-wrapped Christmas gift under her arm. Another carries a potted plant.

But Hope scoffs at buying anything especially for this purpose. She prefers, instead, to improvise. What she describes as her "scavenger instincts" have paid off in clever adaptations of everything from milk containers to garbage ties. Half a ping pong ball becomes a bowl, for instance. A jelly dish makes a perfect dust pan. The milk container serves any number of functions and the garbage tie is converted to a ruler. A feather plus a bead makes a handsome quill pen. A discarded toothpick becomes a teacher's pointer. The possibilities are endless.

"There's always enough material just lying around the house to make a fine doll," says Hope. "All anybody has to do is try it."

## OXFORD SUBARU

Rt. 26 / Oxford, Maine 04270 / 539-4427

Choose from many 100% guaranteed  
New & Used Cars  
all at very  
affordable prices



4-WHEEL DRIVE WAGON



GF HARDTOP



DL COUPE



DL WAGON



DL 2 DOOR SEDAN



THE BRAT

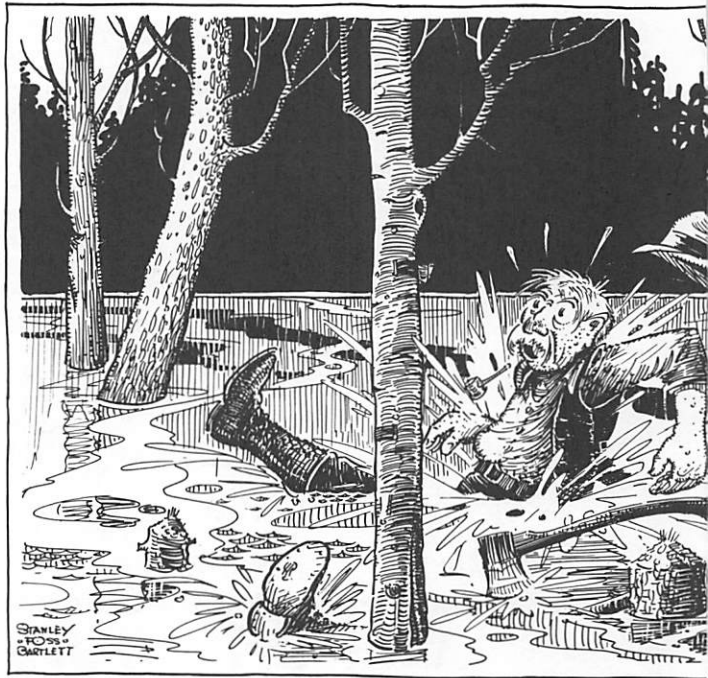


DL 4 DOOR SEDAN



2 DOOR SEDAN

## "Honest John" Jerryson, Liar



Many strange and interesting characters drift into the lumber-camps that dot the vast stretches of the north woods in winter: Men from all stations in life, from all nations, races, colors, creeds, professions and trades, ranging from the Gold Coast to the gutter, rub elbows, or more specifically, wipe on the same roller towel.

Probably the most fascinating type in this heterogeneous gathering of humanity is the liar. Crude as the designation may seem, it has no synonym. One of the most imaginative and ingenious creators of untruths ever to grace the deacon-seats of a woods camp was "Honest John" Jerryson, a chopper at the Jo-Merry outfit. Honest John did not exactly "drift" into camp; he "blew" in, with a boastful snort and a garrulous tongue.

Honest John was a small man with large ideas, and after hearing a few unabridged editions of his fiction, his camp-mates mentally presented him with that

mysterious woods-camp device, the "pie stretcher." Not that such an item exists in reality, for it is a close relative of the left-handed monkey-wrench and the side-hill badger.

However, Honest John needed no pie-stretcher, nor a stretcher of any sort, for with his bare tonsils he could stretch the truth as a country swain performs at a candy-pull. He would grasp the truth, knead it to suit his purpose, then take it in its plastic, flexible form, and stretch it until it would have knocked him down had he lost his grasp on it.

Had Paul Bunyon, the greatest lumberjack liar of all times, heard the fantastic falsehoods delivered by John Jerryson, he would have kicked in the ribs of his old blue ox and swapped the fabulous creature for a tractor.

The Jo-Merry crew did not believe Honest John's tales, but that didn't moderate his enthusiasm; he just gloried in the telling,

*Fiction by Stanley Foss Bartlett*



**"Had Paul Bunyon, the greatest lumberjack liar of all times, heard the fantastic falsehoods delivered by John Jerryson, he would have kicked in the ribs of his old blue ox and swapped the fabulous creature for a tractor..."**

believe them or not. He thrived fluently at Jo-Merry, though the food hampered his speech during meals.

He talked voluminously, apparently believing "talk" and "lie" to be synonymous. His vocal organs were tuned to concert pitch during those long winter evenings in the bunk house, and some of the boys began to wish they had been born deaf. But John raved on, happy and half conscious as he extolled his numerous and varied accomplishments. For a man of his age and present station, he certainly had gone places and done things.

I avouch for nothing of the following, but I feel that it must be authentic, for it was told to me by a fellow who knew a cousin of a cookee who worked at a nearby camp the year after Honest John wintered at Jo-Merry. According to my informant, Honest John claimed to have participated in practically every event of any note since the discovery of America.

He declared he possessed the pen with which the Pilgrim Fathers signed the Declaration of Independence as they were crossing the Delaware — or something like that. He did not come over on the Mayflower, but he had hot coffee waiting for the colonists when they landed. Incidentally, he had come over with Columbus, and it was he who had plucked the twig observed floating in the sea as the Santa Maria neared the New World. This very twig he had stuck in the sand as the discoverers went ashore, and said twig grew into the traditional cherry tree that George Washington felled with his hatchet some years later.

He had played an important part in the development of the young nation. Dumping the tea into Boston harbor was his idea, he being familiar with the English weakness for the beverage. While the Britishers were lapping up the drink, he had dashed down to Valley Forge, three jumps ahead of Paul Revere, and demanded the surrender of General Lee, with the words, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Later he negotiated the Gadsden Purchase, and told the Mexicans to keep the change.

After such a strenuous life of activity, he retired, secluded himself from publicity in

the north woods, emerging only long enough to move the Flatiron Building across the street to make room for the Lindbergh parade. At the time he was sojourning at Jo-Merry camp, he had determined to stop monkeying with world affairs and let nature take its course with them.

Now, I may not be relating all this precisely as it was told to me, and whoever passed it on to me might have been inaccurate in the telling, but that does not matter much. At least, it should acquaint you with Honest John Jerryson's abilities as a tale-spinner.

He was a marvel. He could tell himself into difficult situations and then yank himself out of them by hairbreadth escapes. He was a wonder at getting into such tight places and a wizard at getting out. By miraculous wriggling, he could squirm out of the most closely-fabricated circumstances.

One dark and stormy night, when the blizzard screeched outside and the "ram-down" stove roared inside the Jo-Merry bunk-house, the lumberjacks lounged around the smoky interior, enjoying such rest as comes only to the toil-weary. The scene was peaceful, as might be pictured, but such peace cannot exist for long in any group of mortals. Always there is one who knows not the preciousness of silence, hears not the whisperings of memories, nor the faint, far calls of distant realms — knows not the sacredness of man's communion with himself. Of this minority was Honest John. So, that evening, his raucous voice, issuing from a cloud of tobacco-smoke, suddenly disturbed his quiet camp mates.

"Well, sir," he began unceremoniously, "the toughest, tightest jam I ever got into was the time the slave vessel of which I was master was wrecked in a hurricane in the South Seas. We were sailing along on a green sea, as smooth as glass, when out of a blue sky a hurricane blew up. My craft was tossed and battered before we could get our canvas rolled. A big wave struck us amidships, shearing off the masts and sweeping everything from the decks. The old ship shivered her timbers, rolled over like a porpoise and went down with all hands on board — that is, all except me."

Honest John's audience groaned, perhaps lamenting that a single survivor remained to tell the tale.

"As for myself," continued the narrator, ignoring the slight interruption, "I must

have been washed ashore, for the following day I regained consciousness on a sandy beach with the hot sun searing my naked body. Thousands of cannibals were dancing around me. They were a hard-looking lot, hideously painted and armed with spears and war-clubs of murderous aspect. I admit that I was scared, for once in my life. I lay there, with one eye open, hoping they would think I was dead, but meanwhile I was doing some fast thinking."

To make a short story long, Honest John continued to weave the tale until he had placed himself in the most hopeless of dire predicaments. But, on and on he talked, his plight as a castaway becoming more and more despairing — and, in the meantime, his listeners had actually become interested in his every word, for never before had the man developed such a plot nor placed himself in such an impossible and inescapable position. Not that they believed the tale, but they wondered by what twist or turn he could save himself from those howling, bloodthirsty savages with a lust for white meat.

As a matter of fact, Honest John, deep in his resourceful mind, was pondering on that same thought. He noted the tense expressions on the countenances of his spellbound audience. Their bodies were bent toward him; their eyes stared into his, and their interest hung on every gesture. Yes, John himself was wondering how he was going to escape from the fangs of those hungry, cruel cannibals.

He groped, here and there, silently but frantically, for a solution to the tale he was weaving closer and closer with excited words, as he stalled for time. In fact, he was becoming actually terrified. He could not seem to bring a possible nor impossible miracle to his assistance — nothing short of the end of the world could rescue him from the now-screaming man-eaters — as his audience leaned forward, charged with emotion, awaiting the sudden turn of events. He stared back at their drawn faces and fumbled for words — he almost prayed as he felt his confidence vanishing. He just couldn't untangle himself from the web he had spun! His eyes swept around the expectant circle of men. Their faces became those of yelling cannibals, their bodies seemed to sway in a dance of death — they were transformed into the band of wild threatening savages that he had created in

his supreme lie.

He trembled in horror, and cried, "And they danced and danced, and yelled and yelled, and screamed for my blood as they came closer and closer," — his voice, sounding strange even to him, had reached a high pitch that raised his listeners from their seats in anticipation of the next word. There was an instant, that seemed like an eon, of deathly silence, as the struggling speaker made a final desperate lunge for the traditional straw that he couldn't even see. Then, with a soul-piercing shriek, Honest John leaped to his feet, bounded across the bunk-house, plunged through the doorway and vanished in the night and storm like a phantom.

The astounded audience gradually recovered from the shock of the blood-curdling shriek and lightning exit, and rushed in a body to the open door, through which the erstwhile entertainer had disappeared. Outside, the night was blackness and the blizzard howled weirdly — and somewhere in that frigid, snow-filled atmosphere fled a great but temporarily-embarrassed liar.

## The Shenandoah



The pioneer and leading producer of today's log homes:

- Over 30 models to choose from
- Easy to construct
- Easy to heat and maintain

Visit our model home on Route 4 in Turner, Maine. Open daily except Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Or send \$3.00 for our full catalog.

**Wick Johnson**  
**Heritage Builders, Inc.**

Box 116 - Dept. 5  
Turner, ME 04282  
Tel. 225-3647

a **new** concept in summer fun

## RIDE THE MONORAIL AT MT. ABRAM

a 5500 ft. long descent on the zephyr monorail  
winding through woods, across open slopes,  
through dips and turns.

**it's exciting - it's scenic - and it's fun**

# mTabram

Rt. 26 - Locke Mills, Maine 04255

open daily through labor day

weekends only after school starts.

for schedule information call (207) 875-2601



# Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

## Understanding Arthritis

In the past few months I have been promoting a sort of consumerism in the seeking of medical care. My hope is that, with some knowledge of certain disease processes and their treatment, you, the patient will know when to seek medical care and how to evaluate the care you receive.

Where the problem of arthritis is concerned, this can become confusing business. Arthritis is not a disease but a symptom, and has a number of causes, just as fever, as a symptom, has many causes. Thus the first problem. Since all joint pains (arthritis) do not have the same cause, *diagnosis* (determining the cause) is necessary; *prognosis* (the disease's outcome) will differ; and *treatment* of the joint disease will necessarily vary.

A second difficulty in understanding arthritis arises from the nature of most forms of arthritis. They are for the most part diseases of ups and downs, exacerbations and remissions, with cycles of pain-free periods irrespective of treatment. An afflicted patient can therefore drink turnip juice for a month, enter a relative pain-free period, and believe he has stumbled onto a cure. Treatment is hard to evaluate and requires studying large numbers of patients with one form of arthritis over a long period of time.

A third difficulty in understanding arthritis has to do with the tremendous variation in severity of a given arthritic disease among patients suffering from it. For example, one person with *rheumatoid arthritis* may have only stiffness of the fingers and a mild swelling of the joints whereas another with the same disease will develop severe joint deformities and disability over the same time span.

Here we have an affliction with many causes, most forms of which have periods of pain and freedom from pain, and which

varies strikingly in its degree of severity. Add to this the fact that *most forms of arthritis have no cure*, and then try to imagine what patients with arthritis are prey to. As if the frustrating nature of the disease itself were not enough, those attacked must face a dazzling array of quacks and charlatans offering magical lotions, copper bracelets, bee venom, manipulative "cures" and perhaps, somewhere, even turnip juice.

Education can help in small measures, which brings us to the purpose of this and the next two articles — a discussion of arthritic diseases and their treatment. We will look first a rheumatoid arthritis and its treatment; next at osteoarthritis, the arthritis of aging; and then at some other less-common forms of arthritis. Perhaps these articles will influence someone with arthritis to pursue proper therapy. If so, they will have been worth the writing.

*Rheumatoid arthritis* is a disease of unknown cause affecting, most often, the smaller joints of the body (hands, wrists, feet). It produces stiffness in the joints involved after prolonged inactivity (usually morning stiffness), as well as tenderness and pain on motion in the joints involved. The tissues of the involved joints swell. Usually there is simultaneous involvement of the same joint on both sides of the body.

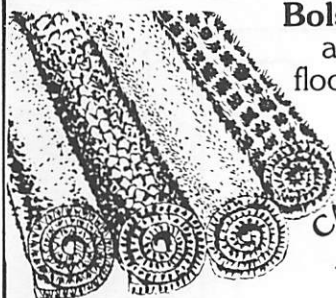
Most patients with rheumatoid arthritis will have a specific "rheumatoid factor" found on blood testing, something which is not present in normal people nor in the other common forms of arthritis. Later in the disease there may be typical x-ray findings which will aid in the diagnosis. In contrast to most other forms of arthritis, this disease has symptoms involving the entire body — that is, "systemic" or "constitutional" symptoms of fever, fatigue, loss of appetite, and weight loss.

Early in the course of rheumatoid arthritis, the patient will have stiffness, some swelling and involvement of the small joints on both sides of the body, but there will be no x-ray findings, and possibly no rheumatoid factor in his blood. The diagnosis at this point becomes an educated guess. In this cloudy, uncertain period, many are branded as having rheumatoid arthritis when they actually do not and are subsequently "cured" of a disease which they didn't have to begin with, and for which there is no cure.

What do those with rheumatoid arthritis

# Bolster's

8 MARKET SQUARE • SOUTH PARIS • 743-6412



**Bolster's is...**  
a complete  
floorcovering  
dealer —

**CARPET  
LINOLEUM**

also, **Bolster's is...**  
Western Maine's most  
complete wallpaper and  
curtain center

**Bolster's is...**  
making your world  
more beautiful.

for FREE ESTIMATES • Call 743-6412



**Professionally designed and engineered  
post and beam homes**

- Energy Efficient
- Easily Maintained
- Select Quality Materials
- Custom Design Service

Send \$4.00 for our design portfolio to:

**Wick Johnson  
Heritage Builders, Inc.**

Box 116 - Dept. 5  
Turner, ME 04282  
Tel. 225-3647

## TIMBERPEG

"We've Done our Homework"

# Cloud Nine

## BATH BOUTIQUE

"up here"

featuring:

**"CLOUD SOFT"**

Toilet Seats

**KIRSCH**

Bath Accessories

Shower Curtains

**TOWELS**

Porcelain

Soap Dishes &

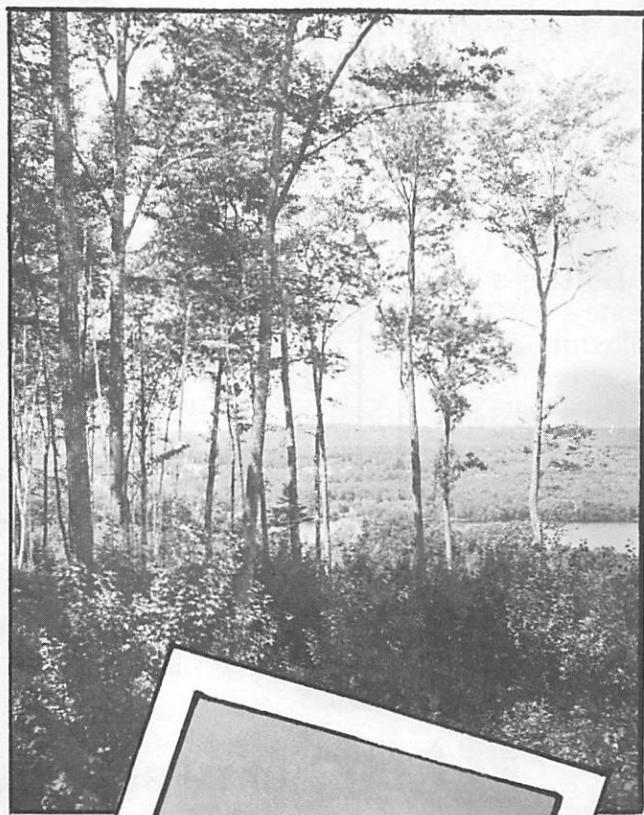
Match Mates



229 MAIN STREET  
NORWAY, MAINE / 743-5593

# HARRISON

IS KN



1.



4.

OWN AS

# THE FRIENDLY VILLAGE



*We would  
welcome you as  
our neighbor!*

*for further information  
call or visit —*

**EDWIN ROLFE, JR.**  
**Harrison, Maine 04040**  
**tel. 207/583-2345**

1. CHAPMAN ROAD - 2½ acres with a view of Long Lake, Harrison village and Mt. Washington **\$6,000**
2. LONG LAKE - 500' frontage on Long Lake & Carsley Brk., 3½ acres **\$12,000**
3. VACATIONLAND ROAD — 5 acres with a view of Long Lake & Harrison **\$6,000**
4. HOBBS HILL - 7 acres overlooking Long Lake, Pleasant Mt. & beyond **\$12,000**

have to look forward to? Though it is often referred to as the "crippling" kind of arthritis, only about ten per cent of rheumatoid arthritis sufferers are completely incapacitated after ten to fifteen years of disease, and over fifty per cent remain fully employed. Ten to twenty per cent of patients experience an extended period of complete absence of disease symptoms.

The patient who has episodic exacerbations and only partial remissions will, however, have gradual progression of deformity and disability. Those few whose disease is unremitting may become com-

pletely disabled within a few years of onset. The deformities are the result of loss of joint cartilage with "freezing" of the joints and destruction of tendons and ligaments with subsequent dislocation and deformity of joints. For a few, destruction of the small arteries occurs, with resultant skin changes and organ damage.

Although it is difficult to predict the outcome in any given patient, there is a poor prognosis for people with very high amounts of rheumatoid factor; those with certain skin changes; those with sustained, unremitting disease of over a year; those who experience onset below age thirty; and those with systemic symptoms.

A chronic disease, then, is rheumatoid arthritis, with unpredictable flare-ups and quiet periods, and with a potentially debilitating outcome. Rheumatoid arthritis patients do become desperate and often succumb to arthritis quackery, a five million dollar a year racket.

Because of the very nature of the disease, a patient is a set-up for the quack with his "secret formula arthritis cures," "orthomolecular diets," and "miraculous electronic devices." The arthritis victim who has a coincidental temporary remission just when he is trying something special from the quack becomes a true believer; and what's worse, a preaching convert.

Because *there is* effective treatment which can alter the course of rheumatoid arthritis and diminish resultant disability, it's important not to allow time and money to be wasted on quacks while joint destruction continues in the face of worthless "cures." Think twice about anyone who offers "special" or "secret" formulas or diets for "curing" arthritis. The quack will accuse the

medical profession of persecuting or misunderstanding him. He will advertise, promising quick and easy cures, and will derogate drugs as unnecessary "poisons" to the body. There are no easy answers to rheumatoid arthritis, and there is no cure. Avoid the quack.

Next month we will examine methods of treatment for rheumatoid arthritis, taking a long look at aspirin, the mainstay of therapy for this disease. Then, the following month, we will examine other common forms of arthritis and their treatment. I hope you will be with me.

---

## THE EARLY SHOEMAKER

In the early 1800's, the shoemaker travelled from house to house repairing and making boots and shoes for the entire family. He carried with him pincers, awl, hammer, sharp knives, string for sewing, wooden pegs and a leather apron. Some of the shoemakers also carried on their backs, a bench with a crude seat. The whole folded into a box.

Boots were made of "bull hide" shaped over a rude last. They were held together with huge pegs made from a block of white birch and cut and shaped by the cobbler's sharp knife. The pegging awl cut through the leather and last and the pegs were driven in. These boots were so tough that it was said that they were often passed from one generation to another. In those days, stockings were knit from home-spun yarn which helped to cushion the pegged boots.

Ladies' shoes were made from kid leather taken from a sheep's back. Horse hide was often used but hard to handle. Boars' bristles, which were sometimes split, were used for needles. The thread was waxed and wound on the end of the bristle. Sow's bristles could not be used because they were flat. The boars' bristles came from the stout array over the animal's spine.

Some of the shoes today are rough, but probably more comfortable than the old pegged-boots.

Mrs. Ruby Emery  
Bryant Pond



## Trailfire™

### Low-profile fan-cooled trail machine

Grab your share of the trail-taming action on a '79 Trailfire — the new breed of Deere. Bred for lightweight strength, comfort, and handling, Trailfire is your personal passage to adventure. A super-low center of gravity provides stability on hills and switchbacks. A low-alloy-steel chassis supplies plenty of

strength, without all the weight. Though Trailfire looks like none of its predecessors, it retains the best features of John Deere sleds of yesteryear. Things like: CD ignition for sure-fire starts . . . adjustable slide-rail suspension . . . Mikuni carburetion . . . and disc brakes. You also get a new deep-padded seat for extra comfort. Adjustable handlebars. And your choice of 340 or 440 cc engine. Test-ride this new breed of Deere today.



## Spitfire™

### Free-air compact weighs just 275 pounds

This built-for-one sportabout is easy to handle and fun to ride. Powered by a 340 cc engine, Spitfire can romp all day at trail-riding speeds. An aluminum slide-rail suspension adjusts to your weight and snow conditions. And the unique direct drive has about 40 fewer parts than the drive on many other makes. Spitfire also has CD ignition, Mikuni carburetion, and riveted grouser-bar track.



**Nothing runs like a Deere®**

## A. W. WALKER & SON

166 Main Street - South Paris, Maine 04281 - 743-2525  
Dealers in Agricultural, Lawn & Garden Equipment

# Recollections

## My Year Of The Bear

by Margaret Merry Sawyer



Allan L. Egbert, for the National Geographic Society, reprinted with permission of National Geographic

The Chinese call this the Year of the Horse. I like to call it that, too; I am continually intrigued by a horsewoman who is a secretary in an office with me. She has several horses on her farm, including two of her own. She leads a 4-H horse club and has recently held a county 4-H horse clinic at her farm with the State University's livestock specialist conducting the two-day affair. For her, the year is aptly named.

Three years ago the Chinese calendar called it the Year of the Hare. But I call it the Year of the Bear, for it was then that I startled a sleeping bear.

I had hurried home from my secretarial position at the county office of the state land-grant college, changed my clothes, and jogged the half mile down hill, almost to Waterford village. I could see the white picket-fenced home of Artemus Ward (humorist in Abraham Lincoln's time) as I turned off the Plummer Hill Road to climb Mt. Tire'm on the Squire Brown trail. The trail was named for Daniel Brown, father of Artemus (Charles Farrar Brown).

It was my third climb up Mt. Tire'm in ten days, in preparation for my annual late-

August ascent of Mt. Washington. When the weather was suitable, and my husband, Bill, wasn't home, I climbed the mountain.

I kept a steady pace, watching for the blueberries I had been enjoying on the other trips. Along the mostly-shaded path, the berries were later than our field blueberries. I expected to find some, but they were all gone.

When I was about one hundred feet from the summit, the trail turned to the right briefly. As I followed it, something suddenly shot in front of me. I was startled to see a smallish black bear fly off a flat-topped rock about twenty feet ahead and go crashing through the underbrush down the mountainside.

The crashing ceased. But only for a minute. Then it came again, this time uphill, at a faster pace than the downhill rate. I quickly reasoned that bruin had leapt before he really looked and was coming back to see what had disturbed his rest. The crashing came very close as, I imagined, he stood up to see me above the tall mountain undergrowth.

Although aware that such bear sightings

are not really unusual in this area, and having heard that most bears won't attack unless cornered or hungry, I was nevertheless startled. I stood very still, looking ahead. Then I began to sing a hymn, softly at first; and I walked ahead very slowly, singing more joyously. Since an animal is more apt to attack if it senses fear, the singing seemed a good way to soothe what I was still afraid might be a savage beast.

I was quite a few minutes reaching the summit. I never heard from my friend again. But, it wasn't long before I came across his cousin.

I enjoyed the magnificent mountaintop view of Long Lake, and spotted three sail boats on Keoka before venturing home by another route. I checked some wild hazel nuts along the way and was happy to find that, unlike the blueberries, the nuts had not been eaten by bruin.

As I was explaining to my husband why I had been out longer than usual, I leafed through the September issue of *National Geographic* which had arrived by mail after I'd left for my climb. I couldn't believe my eyes.

"Why, what I saw looked just like this," I

cried at the sight of a spectacular picture of a smallish black bear flying through the air off a large, flat rock. The size and shape of the magazine bear was identical, I believe, to my leaping bear of only a couple of hours before.

Surely two sightings in as many hours ought to qualify 1975 as my Year of the Bear!

*Mrs. Sawyer, an avid climber, works at the Co-operative Extension Service in South Paris.*

## THE COUNTRY STORE

It used to be the barrels,  
The sacks, the crocks, the jars,  
Were redolent and potent  
With journeys from afar;  
But now there's a lunch counter,  
Wines, X-rated rags,  
Utensils, toys, and drug-red steak,  
The spices in a can, and specials  
Often priced the same as  
Last week on the shelf  
'Cause bargains passed away the day  
That we shortchanged ourselves.

Larry Billings

## Conversation

### "Speaking of Clothes"

*"the finest in distinctive clothing for today's fashion-conscious woman"*

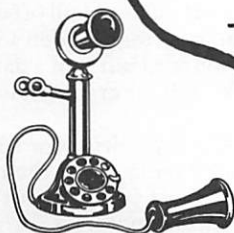
EXCLUSIVE FALL FASHIONS

and

handbags & accessories



*Etienne Signer*



OXFORD PLAZA

Rte. 26 - Oxford, Maine - 743-8094

Hours: Mon. - Sat. 10 a.m. - 9 p.m.

# The Early Autumn Kitchen

by Sally Clay



September is a month of harvest and preparation for Maine gardeners. Many plants must be gathered before the first frost of the season, and others must be tended before the hard frost sets in next month. Bulbs and fruits should also be prepared for the long winter ahead.

In the hills and lakes region, the first frost usually occurs the first or second week of September, often at the time of the full moon. So now is the time to bring in such flowering plants as petunias, ageratum, and impatiens to replant indoors. Peppers and celery plants can also be successfully transplanted indoors.

Plants brought in from outside are apt to carry small bugs, especially aphids, so it is a good idea to wash them with mild soap and water.

Pull out geraniums from the soil, exposing the roots, and tie them loosely with string. Hang them in the cellar with the roots up so that they dry out. Around March, tiny green shoots will appear, and the plants can be replaced in the soil outdoors.

Make sure all of your *herbs* are harvested and put up to dry. They can be hung in a well-ventilated closet or even in the attic for a week or so. When they become dry or "crispy," take off the leaves and store them in a glass container.

Some plants will produce good cuttings to grow in small pots over the winter. Geraniums, impatiens and even some tomatoes, such as tiny tins, can be planted this way.

The amaryllis, or belladonna lily, is a difficult plant to preserve, but if handled properly it will flower indoors. In September, dig it out and pull off dead roots. Replant the bulb in fresh garden soil, water it to settle the soil, and put it in a dark place or in the cellar. Watch for green growth in early spring.

"Tenth of October, drunk or sober," goes an old farmer's saying about the time to dig potatoes. Hard frost sets in about that time, and root crops such as potatoes, carrots, beets and turnips should be dug up before the ground gets too hard. The middle of

September is a good time to begin harvesting these vegetables, as well as the *cole crops* — cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, and brussels sprouts. Carrots can be stored in a pail of dry sand or peat moss in the cellar.

*Bulbs* such as dahlia, gladios, and calla lily should be dug up and stored during September. They should be dried separately, but once dried can be stored together. *Tuberous begonia* bulbs, however, should be stored after they are dry in layers about one inch apart in peat moss. Store all bulbs in a cool, dry place until about the middle of March. Also, before the hard frost, plant your *spring bulbs* of tulips, hyacinths, crocus and others.

September is the apple season in New England, and it is a good idea to take advantage of the plentiful supply by *drying fruit* in your own kitchen. Peel and core the apples, cut rounds  $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick, and hang on strings or small dowels near your wood stove, oven or fireplace. Dry the slices to "just shy of crisp" — too wet and the fruit will mold, too dry and it will become too crunchy. Drying this way takes about two or three days. Local farmers used to string fruits from hooks on either side of the kitchen; this method would take up to a week for drying.

Fruit can also be dried in a very low oven (no more than 110 degrees), although the string-drying method is preferable. Dried fruit is surprisingly flavorful and completely nutritious, and pears and pineapples are fruits good enough to dry by the same method as that used for the apples.

Potatoes can also be dried for easier storage or for use on camping trips and the like. Peel and cook the potatoes first, then hang to dry in the same manner as the apples. The potatoes can be strung with a needle and thread if desired, or they can be placed on a fiberglass screen or on a cheesecloth near the heat source.

An old-fashioned dirt cellar is the best for storing plants, vegetables, and dried fruits, since it stays cool, dark, and dry throughout the winter. Modern concrete cellars may become too warm in the winter; if this is the case, another area can be closed off from heat for storage purposes.

Information for the Early Autumn Kitchen is provided by the folks at Groan & McGurn Greenhouse in Bethel.

# Smithway Studios

Photo Enlarging • Photo Supplies  
Old Photos Copied • Gift Corner

743-2224

144 MAIN STREET  
NORWAY, MAINE 04268

Your Hunting Supplies Headquarters

Non-Resident Licenses

Topical Maps

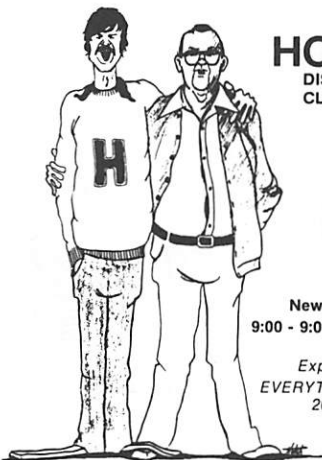
Guns — We Buy, Sell, Trade



**WOODMAN'S  
SPORTING  
GOODS STORE**

223 Main Street -  
Norway - 743-6602

**HOBBS'**  
DISCOUNT  
CLOTHING



New Store  
and  
New Store Hours  
9:00 - 9:00 Mon. - Sat.  
Featuring  
Expanded Lines  
EVERYTHING STILL  
20 - 60% OFF!

**Hobbs'**  
DISCOUNT CLOTHING

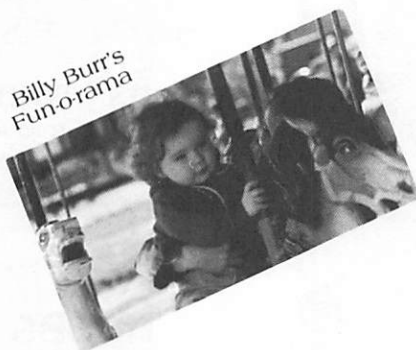
"Come on down"

OXFORD PLAZA • RTE. 26 • OXFORD, MAINE

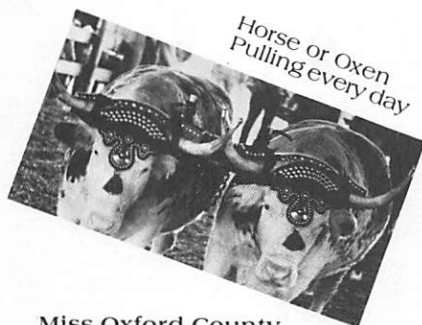
## IT'S FAIR TIME!



Pig Scrambles  
Thurs. (14th), Sat.  
(16th), Sun. (17th)



Billy Burr's  
Fun-orama



Horse or Oxen  
Pulling every day

Miss Oxford County  
Beauty Pageant  
Weds. (13th) 8 p.m.  
Woodsmen's Field Day  
Weds. (13th)

## Oxford County Fair

Sept. 13 - 17

RT. 26 - Oxford, Maine

## BERRYING ON STREAKED MOUNTAIN

We berried this morning, just we two,  
And bent our heads in sweet fern and  
jack pine

To drum our buckets full of multi-myriad  
Worlds of blue and black that dripped  
with dew.

An hour I hunched in concentrated silence  
And stripped full clusters from the vines —  
or turned

Them upwards to the sun to pull by ones  
And twos illusive berries clinging there —

Until the heat upon my neck turned me  
Outward to overlook the sweep of land  
Arranged in ridges running parallel  
From South to North off into New  
Hampshire.

Set between extremes of great and small,  
Reason chided Imagination's urge  
To seek for correspondent images —  
To make much more of it than what it was.

I rose, picked up my pot, and sought you out  
Downhill where you had wandered from my  
sight.

We compared our pots, hunkered down  
again,

And formed a world complete of just we two.

David Stonebreaker  
Hebron



## YOU DON'T SAY

The chiefest use of free advice —  
Be it on love or liver —  
Is that delight it e'er affords  
The voluntary giver.

Stanley Foss Bartlett

# Don't Miss An Issue You May Have Missed Your Friend **BitterSweet**

## It's Enjoyable...

Unique Articles, Stories, Looking Back  
Pictures... of your area.

*A great gift for very special people*

### CHARTER MEMBERSHIPS

are no longer available to personal subscribers. Recipients of any of the first 1500 *gift subscriptions* will automatically become Charter Members, entitling them to renew their subscriptions at \$1 below the regular rate each year.

Take **BitterSweet** home with you this fall or, better yet, send it along with a friend.

(please print your name here if you're giving as gifts only)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(See Reverse Side)

1st Subscription for 12 Issues — Only \$8.00  
Gift Subscriptions for 12 Issues — Only \$7.50

**YES** Please enter the following subscriptions  
of **BitterSweet**

**FOR MYSELF (please print) FOR MY FRIEND**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

First Subscription ..... \$8.00

**FOR MY FRIEND (please print)**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Second Subscription ..... \$7.50

**FOR MY FRIEND (please print)**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Second Subscription ..... \$7.50

**FOR MY FRIEND (please print)**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or P.O.B. \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Third Subscription ..... \$7.50

Each Canadian and Foreign address - \$2.00 per year additional

☐ Start the above subscription(s) with \_\_\_\_\_ 19 \_\_\_\_ issue

☐ I've enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ subscription(s)

Please Allow Time for Arrivals of the Above

Fill out and Mail to **BitterSweet**, One Madison Ave., Oxford, Me. 04270

## Mills General Store

Oxford, Me. - 539-4403



## SACO RIVER

### CANOE TRIPS

by

## Saco River Canoe & Kayak, Inc.

Rt. 5 - Fryeburg, Maine

Tel. 935-2369

Sales • Rentals • Shuttle

*Top quality  
new and used canoes  
featuring the famous  
Lincoln Canoe*



## BESSEY MOTOR SALES

*Happy  
endings  
begin with  
us.*



JEEP

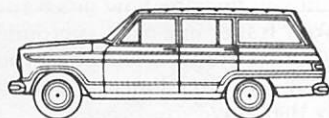
743-6341

201 Main Street, South Paris, Maine

Hours: Monday - Friday 7 A.M. - 8 P.M. • Saturday 7 A.M. - 5 P.M.

*Complete line of*

**CHRYSLER  
DODGE  
PLYMOUTH  
JEEP**



Come in and browse at your leisure for your  
new or used car at Bessey's,  
where Sales & Service are a pleasure.

# Folk Tales

## Oxford's Horseshoe-Pitching Pateneaudes

by Pat White Gorrie

Horseshoe pitching isn't just something old men do while hanging around the village smithy. It's big time stuff. Ask anybody in the Pateneau family, over on Skeetfield Road, near Oxford. They travel to tournaments all over the country, from Canada to North Carolina. This summer they packed their 26-foot trailer and headed for Des Moines, Iowa, where daughter Linda won the junior girls' world championship. Apparently, the family that plays together, stays together.

Wesley Pateneau is President of the Maine State Horseshoe Pitchers Association and the man to see or call around these parts if you want to know more about the sport.

You might just want to start out in your own back yard, but don't be shy about joining a club or competing in a tournament, once you get the hang of it. Horseshoe pitching has become a sophisticated sport, with as many rules and regulations as bowling or golf, but competition can be fun, even if you're not very skillful. You would compete only with those in your own "Class" — that is, those of similar ability.

Anita, Wesley's wife, is Secretary and

Treasurer of the Maine organization. It was she who was initiated into the sport by her parents, Margaret and Harry Reid, owners of a service station in Oxford. They were always pitching horseshoes, and if snow was on the ground outside, they'd pitch inside their service garage. "Wes" caught the pitching fever from Anita and they passed it on to their children, Linda and Michael, who are now teenagers. Linda and Mike were barely out of diapers when they began pitching little rubber horseshoes, and they teethered on them as well.

Pretty, rosy-cheeked, fourteen-year-old Linda is also Maine's State Champion in the Junior Women's Division. She loves the tournaments, not only for the fun of playing, but because she gets to see the U. S. A.

"There's such a camping atmosphere, too. Most pitchers love to camp out anyway, and sometimes we have songfests and bonfires at night. Can you imagine how much fun it is, having your trailer in a park, surrounded by 65 or 70 other trailers, with everybody into horseshoe pitching? I meet the neatest new friends that way."

One of those friends, Kelly O'Brien, from

Spokane, Washington will be featured on CBS's "Challenge of the Sexes" in competition with a man much older than she is. Kelly is only 17. There may be only ten women to every sixty men in the world of horseshoe pitching. ("Chauvinistic," storms Anita. "We're out to change that.") But maybe it's quality, not quantity that counts. The girls are good.

There are twenty horseshoe courts in Marcotte Park in Lewiston, but the Pateneaudes are eager for the day when horseshoe pitching can turn people on all over the Oxford Hills area. They would love to see courts springing up in these little towns and at fairs, because it is such a simple, wholesome pleasure for all ages. Courts are now being constructed at the Oxford County Fairgrounds.

Actually, as far back as 1926, Maine had a State Champion in a "Mr. Cummings" of Norway, and he was succeeded by champions Sturdevant and Robinson, both of South Paris, who, according to the records, took turns for a number of years winning the war of the horseshoes.

A neighbor of the Pateneaudes, Leonard Herrick, allowed the use of his land for the sport, and state tournaments were held on it, here in Oxford County, for many years up until 1965. Then the sport died out a bit.

But now it is alive and well and the Pateneaudes can take a lot of credit for its resuscitation in this area. They welcome inquiries and will tell you where to buy your first "back yard" horseshoes or how to join a club.



Linda Pateneau displays her winning form.

Thoughtfulness  
springs from the heart.

*Ambassador Cards*

*Cards & Gifts by Mary B*

HOURS:  
Sun 12 - 4 / Mon-Th 9 - 5  
Fri 9 - 8 / Sat 9 - 5

200 Main St., Norway - 743-7177

## MARIO'S BUSY CORNER

*"Home of the Dagwood"*

Italians • Roast Beef  
Pizza • Spaghetti  
Lobster Sandwiches

149 Main Street - South Paris  
743-2413

Norway's  
Oldest  
Drug Store

Donald E. Adamson  
Pharmacist

## Ashton's Drug Store

Hallmark Cards.

**Ashton's** — established 1840.

*Other drug stores have come and gone, but **Ashton's** is still here providing quality merchandise and the traditional excellent service.*

181 MAIN ST. • NORWAY, ME. 04268  
Hours: 7 A.M. - 9 P.M. • Sun. 7 A.M. - 1 P.M.

# Goings On

## ART

**COLLAGES BY QUINT-ROSE:** At Hebron Academy's Hupper Gallery, Sept. 10-Oct. 13; A design instructor at the Worcester Art Museum School, Quint-Rose works with preserved leaves, hand-stained papers and colored pencil to create "abstract planar structures"; Gallery hours are weekdays 9 am-9 pm, Sundays 2-5 pm.

**WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP:** Celebration Mime Theatre's Community Pottery Program Display and Workshop, Sept. 28-30 and Nov. 16-19.

**PAINTINGS BY THE GREATER RUMFORD COMMUNITY ADULT ART CLASSES:** at the Rumford Community Hospital, through Sept. 8.

**EIGHTH ANNUAL BRIDGTON ART SHOW:** Oct. 7-9, Bridgton Town Hall; Application deadline, Sept. 15; write Box 236, Bridgton, Me. 04009.

**EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN ART:** sponsored by the Union of Maine Visual Artists, Directions Educational Fund and The Poland Spring Preservation Society; The Maine State Building, Poland Spring, weekdays 10-4. Donations benefit restoration and preservation of Maine State Building and All-Souls Chapel.

## CRAFTS

**POT SHOTS:** Six pottery workshops will be held beginning Aug. 23 on Weds. & Thurs. nights; Celebration Mime Barn, South Paris, 6-9 pm; sponsored by Celebration and the Y.M.C.A. To register, call 743-7184.

## MUSIC

**THE PORTLAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:** will hold auditions Sept. 9-13 at Portland City Hall Auditorium. For information, call PSO Headquarters (207) 773-8191.

**NORWAY-PARIS CHAPTER SPEBSQSA, INC.:** meets Thursdays, 7:30 pm, Second Congregational Church, Norway. Guests and visiting barbershoppers welcome.

## ETC.

**CASCO BAY MARATHON:** sponsored by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. and the Portland Parks and Recreation Dept.; Sun., Sept. 17, 9 am; beginning outside the Portland Exposition Bldg. and running the 26 miles to Portland Stadium track. Entry blanks available by writing P. O. Box 3172, Portland, Me. 04104.

## MOLLY OCKETT RIDE

Competitive trail riding, one of the country's fastest-growing horse sports, will be featured at the 35-mile Molly Ockett Ride to be sponsored by the Arabian Horse Association of Maine at the Oxford Fairgrounds, Sept. 9.

Many of the 38 riders and horses which competed in July's 11th Annual 100-mile Pine Tree Ride Competitive Ride at the fairgrounds are expected to return for the Molly Ockett, according to Georgia Robertson of the Maine Association. The Robertson's *Riverwind Amir* won the prestigious Pine Tree award for the best Maine-owned horse entered at the ride. Standings are based on the horse's training and conditioning.

For information on the Molly Ockett Ride, contact Chris Longley, Pikes Hill, Norway, tel. (207) 743-2984.



*Jerry Jose of Stockton Springs on the trail  
with Riverwind Amir*

**THE MAINE AUDUBON SOCIETY'S WOOD FUEL PROGRAM:** Offering assistance in management and marketing of woodlands is available by calling 743-6819 (Norway) or by writing the Society at Gilsland Farm, 118 Old Route One, Falmouth, Me.

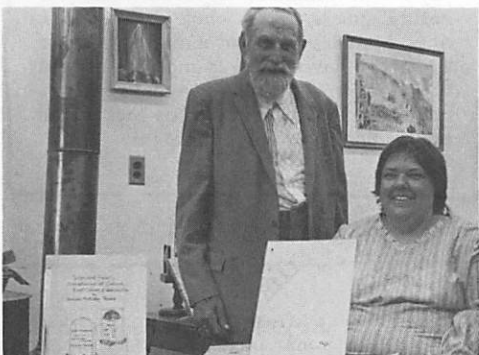
**WOOD PRODUCT OPPORTUNITIES '78:** A Workshop sponsored by the Maine Forest Service, The State Development Office and the New Enterprise Institute; Sept. 8 at CMVTI, Auburn. Registration Fee: \$10. Contact Merle E. Ring, Jr., Maine Forest Service, Sebago Lake State Park Headquarters, Naples, Me. 04055.

**ANDROSCOGGIN FARMER'S MARKET:** Exchange St., Rumford; Thursdays 2-6 pm through October.

**PARIS FARMER'S MARKET:** Skillings Ave., South Paris, Tuesdays & Saturdays.

## GENEALOGY

Brenda McAllister Rowe, author of the book, *Town and Family Cemeteries of Oxford, East Oxford and Welchville*, will teach a six-week course on genealogy in conjunction with the Oxford Hills High School Adult Education Program. The class,



Brenda Rowe and Oxford cemetery sexton, Ai Twitchell

entitled "Learn How To Climb Your Family Tree," will include information on how to begin compiling individual family histories, with special emphasis on researching land & probate records, and town & state vital records. It will feature instructions in gravestone rubbing, a field trip to a local cemetery, and a slide presentation. *Searching For Your Ancestors*, by Gilbert H. Doane, will be the text for the course, which begins Tues., Sept. 26. Registration fee: \$5. For information, contact Oxford Hills High School.

## MARTHA'S RESTAURANT

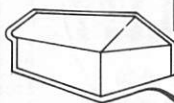
Route 26 - Bethel, Maine

Telephone 824-2171

Where friends and family meet for dining satisfaction. A family-owned and operated restaurant with over 33 years' experience at pleasing our customers. Closed Mondays

Open 8 a.m. - 7:30 p.m. • Tues.-Sun.

## FENN ELECTRIC



743-7394

for all your

House Wiring Needs

Mobile Home Service

156 Main Street - Norway, Maine



RESERVE  
YOUR  
RENTAL  
NOW!

Mini Homes/Travel Trailers/Tent Campers

SEE THE EXCITING MODELS

OF MINI HOMES ON DISPLAY

Shasta - Coachmen

Serro Scotty - Citation

Carriage - Travel World

130 RV's ON DISPLAY

30 USED RV's IN STOCK

also - Coleman Fold Down Campers

OPEN SUNDAY 12 - 5



CALL of  
the WILD

OUTDOORS CENTER

ROUTE 26, OXFORD, MAINE

Maine's Large Volume

Recreation Vehicle Dealer

**WANDY'S STORE**

Sundries Snacks S  
G R O C E R I E S • M E A T S A N D W I C H E S • P I Z Z A

**THE DUKE**  
*invites you to sample*  
**COUNTRY HOSPITALITY**  
open  
Mon-Thurs 8:00-10:30  
Fri & Sat 8:00-11:00  
Sun 8:00-10:00  
ALE BEER

44 E. Main St. So. Paris, Me. 743-2615

## SPECIALS

**SPECTRA I:** A major inter-art exhibition of painting/graphics, literature, music, sculpture, photography and dance/theatre; to be held at Westbrook College, May-June, 1979. Sponsored by the Maine Association for Women in the Fine and Performing Arts and Westbrook College; to promote & give exposure to year-round Maine resident artists. Contributions of art, writing, theatre, music and photography by women sought. Contact Sue Ostroff, Box 168, Hallowell, Me. 04347.

**OXFORD COUNTY FAIR:** Sept. 13-17, Oxford County Fairgrounds.

**FRYEBURG FAIR:** Oct. 1-Oct. 8, Fryeburg Fairgrounds.

**THE FARE SHARE CO-OP STORE;** A non-profit, volunteer-run natural foods store is now open every Saturday from 10 am-5 pm, in the brightly-painted former tack room of the Barn at 123 Main Street, South Paris. Co-op members pay 10% over cost and work a few hours each month in the store. Non-members are welcome; they pay a slightly higher price for such things as natural juices, rice, whole-grain flours, nuts, granola, fruit and more. Fare Share expects to have cheese & good breads, and to be open Thursday evenings in the immediate future. (They're "up back" in the gray building. Look for the sign).

**How about a  
NOW account,  
now?**



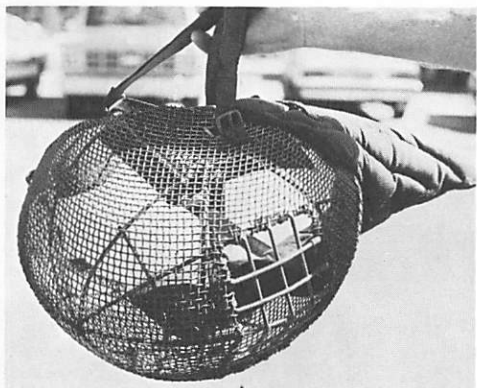
**Norway  
National  
Bank**  
Norway  
Bridgton  
South Paris

Member F.D.I.C.

**WATER SKI-CANOE RACES:** The third annual water outing behind Bridgton's Highlander Motel Restaurant and Pub will take place on Sun. Sept. 3 (Rain date Sept. 4); It will run from 1 pm until sundown, with ample parking provided at The Highlander. Activities for the outing will include: canoe race, water-ski show, and a Bar-b-que.

The canoe race is expected to draw about 50 boats, with participants limited to 2 people per boat. The water-ski show will be performed by the Luckson Ski Team from Highland Lake in Windham, and will include a two or three level pyramid as well as clowns.

Before, during and after all activities, an "easy-listening" band will provide live music for everyone's enjoyment.



Win Carrick of Norway's Carrick Motors purchased the above contraption at an auction recently... and needs some help determining WHAT it is he's bought. Suggestions have ranged from human deep-sea diving gear to horse's protective coating. Let **BitterSweet** know if you have the answer.

### NORTH WATERFORD PIG SCRAMBLE A Limerick

There is a young mother named Donna  
Who, every year, says "I wanna  
Catch a pig by the heels  
Even if he squeals."

Now North Waterford Fair is a "'gonna."

Mary Springer  
East Waterford

Mrs. Springer penned the above in honor of her daughter Donna's annual catch during the Mothers' Pig Scramble at the World's Fair. Donna has caught a fair pig every year for the past three years, according to Mrs. Springer.

### GENE'S SAW SHOP



**HUSQVARNA**  
Sales & Service  
Accessories

Front Street • West Sumner, Me. • 388-2853

*Perham's*

### MAINE MINERAL STORE

Jewelry, Gifts, Minerals  
Maine Tourmaline

Jct. Rt. 26 & 219 - West Paris, Me.

Hrs: Mon. - Sat. 9-5 / Sun. 1-5

### "Bar-B-Q Chicken"

#### A Special of the House

Soup du Jour

Sandwiches

Dinners

Homemade Pastries

**MINNIE'S**

FOOD SHOP



"We Cater  
Small Parties"

Market Sq., So. Paris - 743-9884

"Ayah right friendly folks"

**L.M. LONGLEY  
and SON**



Ayah —  
If you can't find it at  
Longleys — fergit it!

PAINT  
PLUMBING  
HARDWARE  
SEPTIC TANK  
SERVICE

743-8924

196 Main Street, Norway

PLUMBING • HEATING

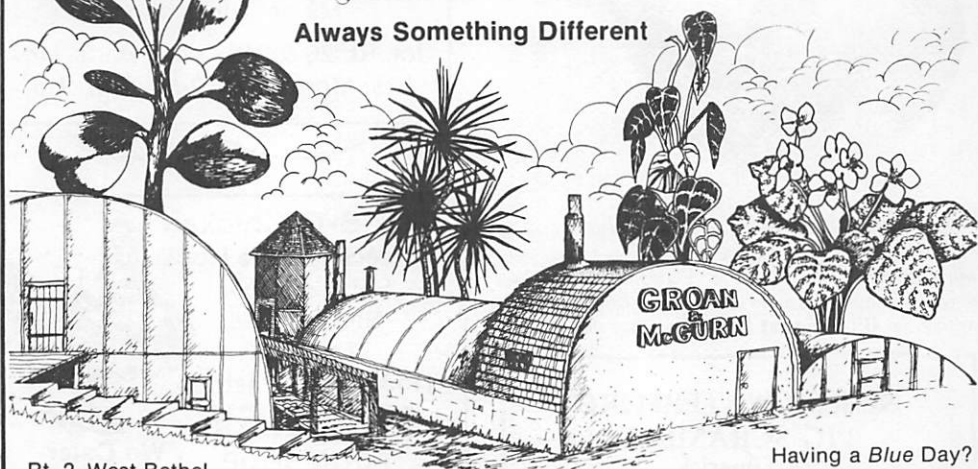
WATER PUMPS

A Scenic Drive From Everywhere

# GROAN & MCGURN GREENHOUSE

Always Something Different

We have a large assortment of  
HOUSE PLANTS  
HANGING PLANTS  
PLANT POTS & SUPPLIES  
PERENNIALS



Rt. 2, West Bethel  
207/836-3645  
Open Year Round/9 to 5/Closed Weds.

Having a Blue Day?  
Come visit our Greenhouse  
and turn your day Rosy!

*Bob Gerry Chevrolet*  
*invites you to celebrate National Chevy Week*  
*at a Gala Open House September 15th*



*"Go With Gerry"*

- free coffee & donuts
  - door prizes
  - special showing of '79 Monzas
- Check out the low, low prices on all '78 close-out models

*Our deals have never been better!*

The other '79 models will be on display September 25th

Rusty Jones  
Rustproofing

*Bob Gerry Chevrolet*  
Route 302 - Bridgton, Maine - 647-8811

Wrecker  
Service

SERVICE & PRICE & EXPERIENCE  
WE'VE GOT IT ALL!

## PEDDLER PAGE



FOR SALE: Green Asha 10-speed men's bike; good condition, \$80; Call Debbie, 647-8827.

FOR SALE: Volkswagen Bug Ski Rack, never been used, \$5; write **BitterSweet**, Box 301, Oxford, ME 04270.

FOR SALE: *Sunday River Sketches: A New England Chronicle* by M. F. Wilkins. A 320-page regional history of Newry, Bethel, and 'Ketchum' (Riley Plantation). Genealogical matter on 400 area families and many illustrations. For descriptive brochure, write 509 Crescent Ave., Rumford, ME 04276.

FOR SALE: I.B.M. electric typewriter, secretary-style, needs a ribbon wheel; \$35; call Nicky, 647-2861.

FOR SALE: *Whispering Winds* by Georgia Shaw Prescott, a collection of free-form verse, recalling the author's rural childhood in Hollis, Maine and celebrating the country's natural grandeur. Write Georgia S. Robertson, Buckfield, ME 04220.

FOR SALE: Maytag wringer washing machine; excellent condition; ideal for apartment or camp; needs no hook-up; \$35; call Debbie at 647-8827.

WANTED: One 1920's-vintage oak kitchen unit; \$50-range. Write Frances, c/o **BitterSweet**, Box 301, Oxford, ME 04270.

WANTED: People who like old things and local history to join in the *Norway Historical Society*. Meetings held the third Wednesday of each month at Norway Library, 7:30 p.m. For information, call 527-2386.

WANTED: Old pictures of local landmarks for **BitterSweet's** *Can You Place It?* page. Small payment upon printing. Picture returned to sender. Oxford, ME 04270.

weddings - engagements  
anniversaries - candid  
commercial - pet portraits  
photos copied

# bill haynes

creative photography

box 17

so. waterford, maine 04081

583-2963

1979 CALENDARS - Scenic & Humorous



BOOKS · N · THINGS

Oxford Plaza • Oxford • 743-7197

for Your  
Dining Pleasure

# Country Way



## Restaurant

South Paris, Maine

"Come in and enjoy  
your favorite cocktail  
or meal."

207 / 743-8927



W. J. WHEELER  
& COMPANY, INC.

One Market Square  
South Paris, Maine 04281

*Littlefield*  
*Greenhouses, Inc.*

"Say it with Flowers"

209 Main St., South Paris

743-6301



**SMITH'S**  
Shop 'n Save

Quality  
and Service

**Oxford Plaza**  
Route 26  
Oxford, Maine



WATCH FOR SPECIALS  
IN OUR CIRCULARS



**SEARS**  
CATALOG  
STORE  
**743-5181**

Twin Town Plaza, South Paris

## BRAINTEASER VI

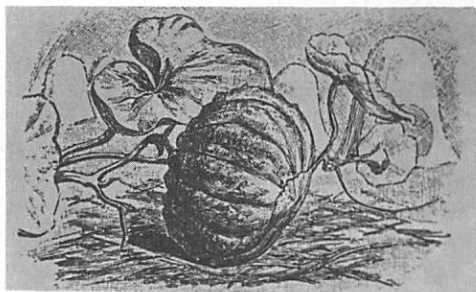
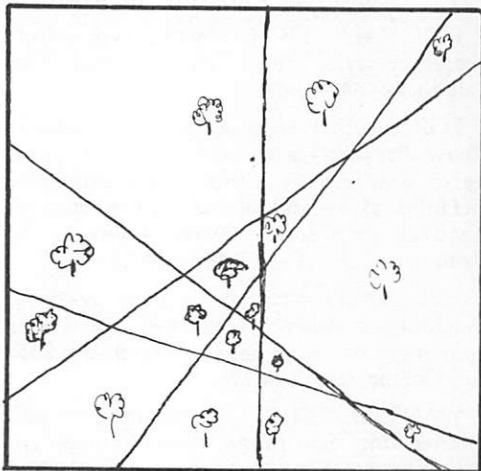
### Stewed Prunes

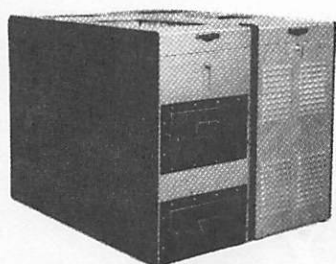
Three brothers, Tom, Dick, and Harry, after finishing a meal in a restaurant, ordered a bowl of stewed prunes. While waiting for the prunes to be served, all three fell asleep. After a while, Tom woke up and found the prunes on the table. He ate his equal share of the prunes and went back to sleep. Then Dick woke up, ate what he thought was his equal share, and fell asleep again. Then Harry woke up, ate what he thought was his equal share of the remaining prunes and went back to sleep.

A bit later, all three brothers woke up and discovered that eight prunes were still left in the bowl. How many prunes were in the bowl originally?

The earliest postmarked correct answer will win a year's subscription to **BitterSweet**.

Winner of **Brainteaser V** was Shirl West of South Paris, who divided the farmer's field accordingly — using five straight fences to enclose one tree in each of 16 separate enclosures:





**THERMO-PRIDE**

## **WOOD/COAL FURNACE**

**As a Companion Unit**

In a Companion Application,  
the Oil or Gas Furnace will automatically  
take over and maintain the temperature  
when the amount of wood or coal remaining  
no longer provides the necessary heat

**Wood/Coal Furnace is Efficient and Built to Last**

**JOHN P. CULLINAN COMPANY**

**743-8991**

**CHARLES STREET, SOUTH PARIS, ME.**



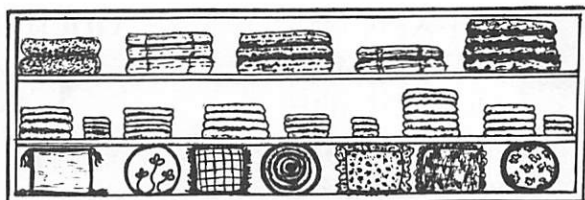
*Sara Jane Elliot, Decorator 743-2672*

**Country Interiors**  
Market Square South Paris

# **\$AVE**

## **ANNIVERSARY SPECIALS**

HOMESPUN  
TABLECLOTHS  
FLUFFY TOWELS  
DECORATOR  
PILLOWS



# **20% OFF**

## TWO SPECIAL OPEN COMPETITION RACES LEFT!

SEPT. 17  
OCT. 1

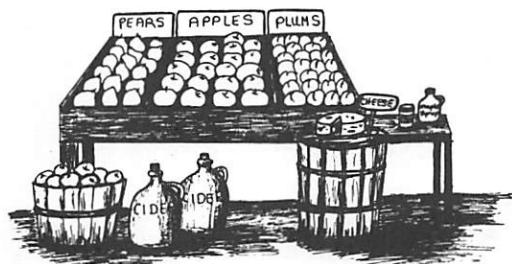
START AT  
2 P.M.



Bring the  
Whole Family

*Exciting Races  
Every Saturday Night*

Races Start  
7:30 P.M.



OUR OWN APPLES  
PEARS, PLUMS  
SWEET CIDER

OLD-FASHIONED  
CHEESE  
HOMEMADE  
JAMS & JELLIES  
MAINE-MADE  
MAPLE SYRUP

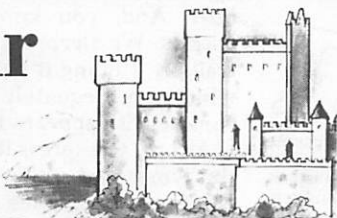
Open 9 am - 6 pm Daily

# COOPER FARMS

Rt. 26 - West Paris, Me.

Tel. 647-2200

# Is your home your castle?



Sir Edward Coke  
once said: "A man's

house is his castle."  
Do you feel the same  
way about yours? If  
you do, you'll want to  
protect your home  
and its contents from  
destruction or loss.



**GOODWIN'S Inc.**  
Insurance

31 Paris St., Norway • 743-8963

## The FASHION BASKET

*Ladies' Casual Wear*

- Northern Isle Sweaters
- Alfred Dunner
- Jerry Margil Sportswear



**Hush  
Puppies**  
BRAND SHOES

## The BRASS BUCKLE

*Men's Casual Wear*

- Lee
- Campus
- Career Club

Main Street • Bethel, Maine

Hours: Monday • Saturday 8 • 6 / Visa & Master Charge Welcome

## GOODWIN'S DISCOUNT FURNITURE AND APPLIANCE CENTER

Rt. 26 - Oxford, Maine - 743-7207

**\$750 Instant Credit - No Money Down - Show Us One Of These Cards:**

Master Charge - Bank Americard - VISA - American Express - Diners Club - Carte Blanche



**Top of the Line  
Living Room Furniture  
at discount prices**

Choose from  
many styles

**New Fall Colors**

Free Delivery

**M/Tu/Th/F/9-8 p.m.  
W/Sat/9-5 p.m.  
Sun/1-5 p.m.**

# Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

## A NOTE OF THANKS

"How long 'til we're in Maine?" our youngest asks again, from the back seat. We assure him, again, that we are in Maine, have been ever since we crossed the big bridge at Kittery. Impatiently, he brushes that aside. "I mean the *real* Maine."

The real Maine for him, and for all of us, is in the woods on a small jewel of a lake, surrounded by hills. It looks very much like the place many of you call home year 'round. For us, it's home only in the summer. Perhaps for some of you, summer is a time to grimace at the crowds in the supermarket and laundromat and the extraordinary number of cars slowly cruising Main Street for a parking space. But let me tell you what some of your summer residents feel.

When friends from our winter world ask our two boys what they've done all summer, it's interesting to hear their answers. Their eyes glaze over as they look back to summer

joys. "Oh, we swim and fish and ride in our boat. And, you know — play with our friends. We sleep out at night and..." They trail off, finding it hard to select the words which can adequately express the way their summer life appears to them.

As I try to express it, I keep coming back to the word *freedom*. Part of it is the sense of freedom that comes to all children everywhere in the summer, when their lives are not so planned and organized by adults as during the school year. And part of it comes because of the richness of the lakes and woods, offering a never-ending choice of exciting activities to fill the days, so that freedom does not become empty and meaningless. And part of the freedom comes because some real restrictions can be loosened temporarily.

A great treat for our boys is to walk into the village to buy a snack at the store. It's three miles each way, and occasionally they get a ride when a sympathetic passerby stops to pick up the gang of sweaty little children. They return home, gleeful in being sooner than expected. Allowing this freedom would be unthinkable in the city, where they must stay within certain safe neighborhood confines. Here, in a much smaller world, where they know and are known by the adults of the community, they can safely thrive on such a measure of independence.

Adults can also break away from city stereotypes. The need for a repair in the city sends us thumbing through the yellow pages to call help. Here, we follow the example of our neighbors who seem to have innumerable capabilities, and work on (and usually fix!) the problem ourselves.

The smaller size of the world around us here allows us to become more fully involved with it, I believe. A thin veneer forms in the city. There's too much to deal with, too many to become involved with. Rather than be overwhelmed, we withdraw for self-protection.

But not here. Here, there are few enough neighbors that it's comfortable to know them all, to wave, to visit, to stop and chat. And year after year, the same people are around. There's a permanence to this community which can't be found in city neighborhoods, where moving vans are seen as frequently as school buses. There's more incentive for involvement with such permanence, and more interest.

The scaled-down dimension of everything



is comforting. There *is* change here; reluctantly we watch the appearance of new buildings and stores. For us, who have loved the smallness and charm of the old, the new is disturbing. But the change is on a small-enough scale that it's not as disorienting as in our city, where the same restaurant switched owners six times in one year.

On the other hand, the bigness of the physical world around us here is exciting. Gone are the city's artificial divisions of small backyards and fenced-in lawns, the distraction of buildings dominating every view. Instead, we are surrounded by a vast expanse of woods, where each year we eagerly search for Indian pipes and British soldiers. Excitedly, we report that the beaver dam shows signs of new work, that the loons are nesting again, that the great old turtle is still terrorizing fishermen.

Such a closeness with our surroundings gives us needed reminders of the order and wonder of the world, reminders that come with difficulty in the city. And such first-hand experiences are thrilling. Last Sunday, the four of us sat in our canoe, silent in astonishment, watching a bull moose watch us and then unhurriedly splash his way to more private ground.

You have such beauty here. We are cheered each year when we hear of new laws and regulations designed to protect it from

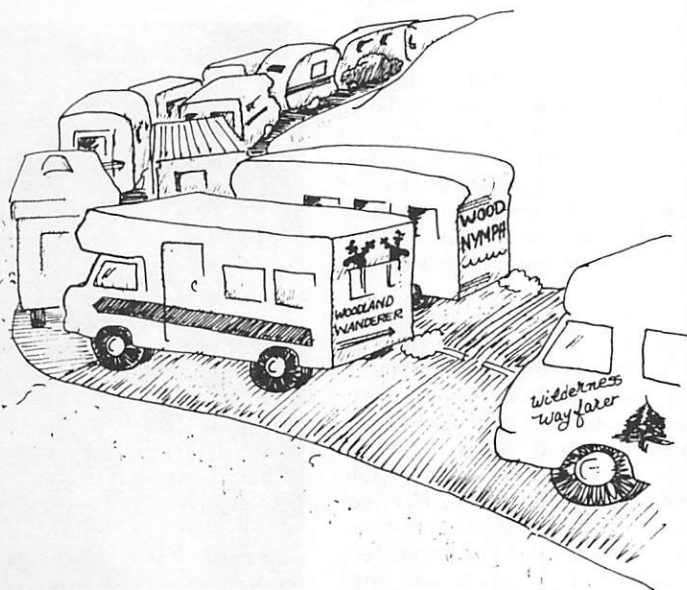
pollution and litter. Having such a beautiful world about surely demands the responsibility of keeping it so.

Last summer on the day we left Maine to travel home, we passed through a city several hours further south. Children lounged aimlessly on the sidewalks, the traffic flowed ceaselessly, and the heat nearly swallowed us. Our youngest son said, "Look, the sky isn't blue anymore." And it wasn't. It was the sky that city dwellers see on sunny days — washed out, almost white.

What we're most grateful for is that the sky here *is* blue, that there are moose to be marvelled at, wild berries to be picked, roads to be walked freely, friendly people to know. We have been renewed by experiencing each of these. And we leave, as always, with reluctance.

Carol Gestwicki  
North Waterford

**CORRECTION:** The building incorrectly identified as the Dunn House in last month's article by Anna Holt Henderson was actually the Bert Hutchins residence on Pleasant Street in Norway.



# Readers' Room

## My Life With A Whirlwind

by Sandra Morgan

Most everyone in Greenwood, Maine called him Bob. Some dared to call him Beryl. And, until her death, his mother insisted his name was Burl. After once receiving an invitation to attend a beauty salon, my father, in a great rage, resorted to signing his name B. Martin, and thus it remained until his untimely death at the age of 53.

My father was a great advocate of the Maine outdoors. He could cut wood for the local factories as fast as anyone with a bucksaw or a crosscut saw. I would trudge behind him into the woods, with my three brothers and our Husky, Keno, all set to spend another summer day logging. There was never any quibbling over which of his kids did what. B. Martin had his plans formulated before each dawn. Peeling pulp was my specialty. I loved to see the wet wood shine in the sun, wondering how long a piece of bark I could strip without it breaking. We stopped long enough to sample what was in the brown bag for lunch and at the end of the day, filed back to our Indian Pond retreat in Greenwood.

As much as my father loved the outdoors, he was not above joining in a public dance when the spirit moved... which it did, about twice a year during the middle of the winter. He would trade his snowshoes for a pair of dancing shoes, grab Mother, and away they would roar. Mother was not overly enthusiastic about such outings because she knew what laid in store.

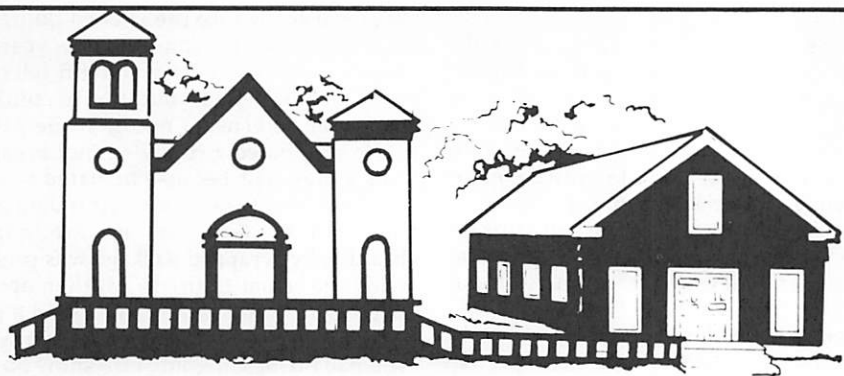
Father's specialties were the polkas. He never developed one distinct polka step; his feet did whatever his mind told him and if Mother could not read his mind, she simply held on and prayed. Corners were the worst. Father claimed he could do well on the "straight aways," but Mother was never able to follow him around the turns. His feet launched into a Canadian clog and five-foot-high Mother sailed around the bend, feet kicking and unable to catch her breath until half way down the "straight away."

Father was always hungry when dancing. There were always hot dogs on sale; he hated hot dogs. However, one night the hunger pangs refused to subside and he purchased one, retreating to the automobile to work his way through his food. He cursed, swore, and complained until Mother could not bear another moment. The inside light was switched on. There Father sat, with a small piece of hot dog in his palm and shreds of napkin in his mouth. His only comment: "No wonder the damn thing was so dry." Mother was sworn to immediate secrecy.

Father was a collector. Stamps and coins were completely out of his realm. Instead, he visited every cellar hole he could find, dragging rusty farm implements home. The porch railing was covered with dozens of tiny jars filled with dirt... all from places he considered "important" graves. None of the jars was labeled for interested on-lookers. Father knew about them and that was



B. Martin



**CRAFTWORKS...** a very special shop... located in an old, restored New England church...in the center of Bridgton, Me.

Now... and until the end of our season... special sale prices on many items throughout the shop.



Now... and until the end of our season... special sale prices on many items throughout the shop.



Over-blouse in mellow autumn colors... rust, plum, teal, warm brown... was 12.00... now 5.00 ... cotton broadcloth.

Also, some especially good prices on baskets, books, and pottery. Do some early Christmas shopping!

A special offer to the readership of Bitter-Sweet: large bouquets of mixed dried flowers, priced at 4.00... just 3.00 with this coupon. Be sure to bring it when you visit!



# CRAFTWORKS

Now thru Oct. 8 — open 10:00 A.M. - 4:00 P.M. every day, including Sunday  
Master Charge Accepted

enough.

But one person did not know. My older brother came home on leave from the Air Force one time and declared a house cleaning while all were at work. Father drove into the yard, noticed his prized collection missing, and the bellowing began. The entire evening was spent at his private dump, grubbing for his prized jars. When morning sun came up, the jars were again in place and we were all warned that "they better damn well stay there."

Father hated holidays. At Christmas, he was Greenwood's answer to Scrooge. His "Bah, Humbug" echoed throughout the Maine forest as he strapped on his snowshoes to procure a Christmas tree. I think God silently thanked him for selecting the old maids of the forest. He would bring back the first fir or spruce he came upon, throw it outside the door and declare the job done for another year.

There never was any tree holder. Father simply erected the tree in the same manner in which he did everything else. He required a hank of rope (one end for each nail left behind from the year before), four spikes, two boards and a hammer. He drove the

boards directly into the kitchen floor, trying to miss the holes from previous years. The rope supported the tree and if it fell over, it was no one's fault but the person's who happened to brush a needle while passing.

He also hated gift buying, not because he was stingy, but because he hated to go into stores. One of the more outstanding gifts to my mother lives on in my mind. A beautifully-wrapped package was presented with the usual flourish. Mother opened it with great anticipation and found a pair of white cow-girl boots. We didn't own a horse; she had no idea of going into show business; and she couldn't yodel. But she never questioned my father's selection. Suffice it to say the boots lasted many years.

Birthdays and anniversaries did not exist in Father's mind. The Fourth of July he enjoyed a bit more, because it gave him the opportunity to curse the summer folk and their noisy fireworks, and an excuse to pack his knapsack for Indian Pond.


My father consumed more coffee than anyone in the County. An offer of less than ten cups a day was considered insulting. Mother purchased a glass pyrex coffee pot, which Father claimed was the best invention to ever hit the market. She was equally proud. No one came into the kitchen without being handed a cup and a spoon.

One night, Mother started to serve coffee, but Father insisted it was his turn to pour. Somewhere between the old wood stove and the table, a Canadian clog hit my father's fancy and he clogged with glee back to the stove. To a thundering hoof beat, with head held high in the air, he thrust the new coffee pot toward the front of the wood stove. Had the stove been merely a few inches higher, the clog would have been the topic of conversation for months to come; as it was, my mother's tantrum was more spectacular than any dance steps my father performed.

Father was a true man of Maine. He hated snow with a shovel in his hand. He loved it with a pair of snowshoes strapped to his feet... even while going through the ice on Twitchell Pond and nearly drowning. He loved to fish; hated to dig the worms.

My father was a living adventure... and anyone caught up in the whirlwind never lacked for excitement.


*Morgan is now living in South Glen's Falls, New York.*



**EMERY'S**  
**BUILDING MATERIALS**  
Pittsburgh Paints • Masonry Supplies  
Woodburning Stoves  
Miami-Carey Kitchen & Bath Access.

Trap Corner • West Paris • 674-2707

CHEVROLET	<b>CARRICK CARES CARRICK MOTORS, INC.</b>
PONTIAC	
OLDSMOBILE	
BUICK	
CARRICK	



Lower Main St. - Norway - 743-8944

# Offset Printers

The All New  
**CopyCenter**



Printers of  
**BitterSweet  
Magazine**

**WESTERN MAINE GRAPHICS, INC.**

One Madison Ave. Oxford, Me. • 743-8225

## Real Estate

### DAVID A. KLAIN AGENCY



Insurance  
Real Estate  
**743-6319**



Clayton E. Heath Jr. - Glenn E. Chute  
**Realtors**

173 Main Street, Norway, Me.

### POPLAR RIDGE

**OXFORD**

Offers 5-acre wooded house lots  
with a view.

Beautiful country sites, all sur-  
veyed and soil-tested.

**CUT YOUR OWN  
FIREWOOD!**

*Priced from \$6,000.*

**Kennison Real Estate**

Rt. 26 - Norway, Maine 04268 - 207/743-8207

**Pauline Kennison  
Realtor**

**Tom Kennison  
Associate**



### FOSTER Realty

100% MAIN STREET - BRIDGTON, MAINE 04009

Kermit (Kit) Foster, Jr.

Tel. (207) 647-5293

Home (207) 647-5751

Sharon Diran - (207) 647-5248



**SOUTH HIGH STREET, BRIDGTON** - Rambling antique Victorian home on a lovely 12 acre setting in an area of fine homes. Ideal village location would allow the owner to convert it to office space or apartments or enjoy it as a single residence. Currently consists of 5 bedrooms, 3½ baths, kitchen, dining room, living room, front parlor, an enormous family room, a multitude of fireplaces and a super barn, **\$73,000**



Have you been looking for a home that's different? Don't want just 4 square walls? Secluded area, yet year-round accessibility on a town road? High on the side of a mountain overlooking the White Mountains, on approximately 2½ acres sits this house with "Seven Gables." So much detail all for so little. Stone fireplace, Cathedral ceiling with hanging light fixture made from real wagon wheel, barn-board siding, etc. Lovely modern kitchen and dining area with the Colonial touch. Lots of built-in extras. 1 large bedroom down, 2 or 3 up. Basement with washer-dryer hookup & FHW furnace — all on ground level with walkout door. Must be seen. Owners relocating; are selling at sacrifice price of \$41,700.



**MAINE PROPERTIES  
FOR YOU**  
Land - Farms - Cottages  
Commercial & Residential  
Box 5 - Rt. 26  
West Paris, Maine 04289

**ollyockett  
Realty**

207/674-2345

Virginia E. Mason, Real Estate Broker



**PLEASANT STREET, NORWAY** — This 3 bedroom home is situated in the country, yet only 2.8 miles from town. There's a lovely stone fireplace with raised hearth, modern kitchen, ceramic tile bath and much more! ... **\$35,000.**

By Appointment

**Towne Line Realty**

Paris Street - Norway, Maine 04268  
1/207/743-7370



**"The Oxford Home"**  
*Tomorrow's Living — Today*

A Fast-Selling  
Comfortable Home  
which fits the budget  
for Young and Elderly

**539-4472**

**TwinTownTrailer  
Sales & Service**

ROUTE 26, OXFORD, MAINE 04270



*"Country Living Is Living Indeed"*

D. D. Coombs Painted Cows —

We Sell the Pastures to Put Them In.

**Elisabeth C. Pollack**

**Realtor**

R.F.D. #1, Christian Ridge Road

South Paris, Maine - 743-5474



743-6923

or

743-6062

**Hall/Hall Realty**

48 Main St., So. Paris, Me.

**Ranches • Land • Cottages**

There's no obligation to look,  
So come in and see what we have.

**—Listings Invited—**

Vivian Hall • Ethel Davis (674-2716) • Frederick  
Blair (674-2170) • Joel Carson • **BROKERS.**

**Robert Crane  
Associates**

**Real Estate Brokers**

Ten Broad Street  
Bethel, Maine 04217

*"Complete Real Estate Services"*

**824-2114**

**CLARK HILL ENTERPRISES**

PARIS HILL ROAD □ 743-5437



Planning & Design

Drafting & Construction Services

Real Estate Appraisal

Thom Bourgois, Designer



Laurie W. Rothmann

Real Estate Broker

Various Types of Property

**Rothmann Realty**

Andrews Hill Rd. Otisfield, Me 04270

207-743-2175 • 743-8479



**NEW LISTING: HOGAN POND, WELCHVILLE**

This all-new summer home is situated on a lovely large lot with 180' of shore frontage. The cottage is completely insulated & finished with fitted knotty-pine boards throughout. Kitchen with double stainless sink, stove, refrig. & dining set; sliding glass doors to deck; spacious living room with cathedral ceilings; franklin stove; carpeting, nice living room set; one bedroom down; carpeted loft up for two twin beds or one double bed; good closet space; one bath with shower. Completely furnished except for beds; new well & septic - a must to see. **\$32,000 firm**

**OXFORD:** East shore Lake Thompson. Authentic log cabin on large lot, two bedrooms, fieldstone fireplace, furnished, all conveniences

**\$25,900**

**"Let George Do It"**

We Are Looking For  
Acreage, Farms,  
Vacation Homes, Town and  
Country Homes



**Gatchell  
Realty**

**159 Main St., Norway**

**743-6351 or 743-6928**

George V. Gatchell, Broker



## OXFORD MILL-END STORE

*"Wool Remnants A Specialty"*

Regular Yard Goods  
Rug Materials  
Remnants / Coatings  
Suitings  
Yarns / Cottons

**539-4451**

Monday - Saturday  
9 A.M. - 5 P.M.  
King Street  
Oxford



Come in and visit us for  
your back-to-school supplies

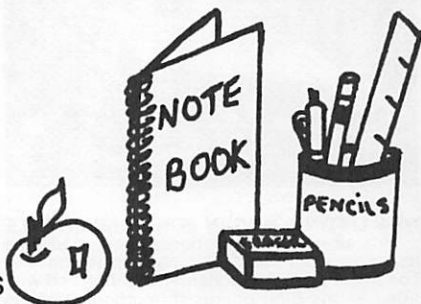
**Now Two Locations to Serve You:**

Main Street - Bethel - 824-2820  
and

Market Sq. - So. Paris - 743-6223

## Prim's

has a new look, but  
the same friendly service!



**24-Hour Emergency Service:**

Pharmacists:

Chuck Primozech - Ed Bauer III

***Bait your  
Hook  
with sound***



## **Savings**

at the bank who cares. Deposit your savings in a regular passbook account — earn interest on your money from day of deposit to day of withdrawal with no penalty.

**South  
Paris  
Savings  
Bank**

  
Equal  
Housing  
Lender

Member FDIC

Market Square • Cornwall Shopping Center

*FALL is the time that Nature  
changes her whole COLOR SCHEME —  
and if you'd like to change yours,  
come into*

## **THE NORWAY COLOR CENTER**

We have a good selection of top-of-the-line floorcoverings  
at *Extra-Special Prices!*

**Carpets - Linoleums - Ceramic Tiles**

NORWAY COLOR CENTER

141 MAIN STREET - NORWAY, MAINE 04268 - 743-8412



## **P.S. = PERSONAL SERVICE**

and we mean PERSONAL SERVICE. We take the time to serve you for any of your banking needs — personal checking accounts, installment loans, real estate loans, collateral loans, certificates of deposit, safe deposit boxes, customer checks, travelers' checks, vacation clubs, and personal checks — in the old-fashioned way; in the way you wish, because we care very much about you. Come in today and we'll serve you better for tomorrow's needs.



Norway • Bridgton • Fryeburg  
An Equal Housing Lender • Member FDIC